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SCIENTIFIC SERIES.—No. 2.

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE PASSIONS.

BY FREDERICK FAULSTICH.

Translated from the French, by J. Fitzgerald, A. M.

If there is to-day a fact demonstrated by reason refuting
misapprehension itself no less than by attentive observation of
the entire development of human knowledge, it is the close
interdependence of all natural forces and operations—a soli-
darity so firmly knit that it is impossible to study any one
point of detail without reference to the sum total of the pheno-
mena. The sciences, long kept apart from one another,
now all tend to come together, to fuse into one another, for
the explanation of facts. It is the exigencies of the sciences of
man that, above all, have determined this irresistible attrac-
tion, this systematic confederation of branches of knowledge,
the most diverse, toward one centre, where they attain their
full value and their full significance. Man, being together
within himself, as Buffon says, all the powers of Nature; he
is the centre to which all things are referred—a world in
miniature. No amount of analysis can come unless if we are
to resolve the infinite complexity of this multiple being;
and we need all the light we can get in order to illumine the
darkness that surrounds this mysterious creature. If, as
Lavoisier thinks, one single man—an imperishable atom—is
a mirror of the total beauty of the universe, how much
more truly may this be said of that singular and diversified
assemblage of minds—man! Surely it would ill become us
to disparage the psychologist, whose study has been to get at
a knowledge of man solely by observation of the phenomena
of consciousness; or the physiologist, who has attempted to
find an explanation solely in organic phenomena. Both of
them have, with much toil, broken the ground and prepared
a field where investigation may hereafter bear fruit; but,
precisely because the soil is now ready, it is to be hoped that
the controversies and antagonisms of the past will give way
to a good understanding more conducive to a true knowledge
of man's nature; and that inquiry, instead of diverging and
so losing itself, shall be regulated and co-ordinated to the at-
tainment of one end.

These reflections are addressed neither to those who im-
agine that psychology has done all its work already, nor to
those who think that work never can be done; we submit
them to those who, following attentively the double move-
ment of physiology and of psychology, find that, at least,
the progress made by each of these sciences is correlative
with that made by the other and inseparable from it. Philo-
sophers, whose position and whose previous inquiries
seemed very unlikely to invite them to the study of physical
man, now devote themselves to this study with enlightened
zeal. Experimenters, whose reputation and whose habits
might appear very unsuited to incline them toward the study
of moral man, now pursue that study with conscientious
diligence. The result is, a profounder and more precise
science of the relations between the physical and the moral—
a science that is full of revelations and surprises.

The ancients had a theory with regard to the passions
which, at bottom, differs not much from that comprehended
in these later times, by experimental physiology and psy-
chology. They erred with regard to the role of the humors
and the physiological mechanism in the production of pas-
sional phenomena; but they had closely observed, and, with
rare precision, defined the influence exerted by these on the
viscera of the abdominal region. Their poetry and their
medical writings are full of expressions which show how
ancient is the knowledge of this relation between the soul's
excitements and the movements of heart, lungs, stomach and
liver.* The ancients even went so far as to localize the pas-
sions in the viscera; and their theory on this subject is en-
grossed in the aphorism, "Spiritus ridens, folle trisensit, jecore
sant, pulvere jactantur," where the spleen, the gall-bladder,
the liver and the lungs are represented as the seat respectively
of mirth, anger, love and valour. The physiology of the
passions, so far as it could be and was studied by the authors
of ancient times was, from the standpoint of description, a
science of such exactitude that there is now little to be added
to it. Still, they mistook the real seats of these states of the

soul; and Descartes, in his famous work on the passions,
was the first to hold that their seat is in the brain. He
localized all passion states in that organ. "The soul," he
says, "can suffer directly only through the brain;" and, to
another point, "The soul does not receive impressions from
all parts of the body, but only from the brain." This truth,
which now seems so elementary, was nevertheless demon-
strated only by the physiology of recent times. The greatest
physiological theories of the passions, Bichat, did not accept
it, as we shall see from an exposition of his doctrine.

The first physiological character recognized in the passions
by Bichat is interdependency. Whereas our thoughts may be
continued—prolonged over a considerable period of time—
and whereas a habit of making the same reflections and judg-
ments strengthens and perfects them, the passions, on the
other hand, have no persistence. With the exception of that
glow and pain which we might designate as chronic, and
which depend on direct nerve-excitation, it may be asserted
that a habit of the same sentiments will soon blunt and
weaken them. A prolonged emotion, be it pleasant or pain-
ful, at last gives neither pleasure nor pain. The performer,
who is ever surrounded by an odorous atmosphere, does not
enjoy the sweet scent. All that delights the eye or charms
the ear becomes indifferent when the impression has lasted
for some time. The same holds good for disagreeable sen-
sations. "Happiness, therefore," says Bichat, "consists only
in excitements. Pleasure is but a comparative senti-
ment, that ceases to exist where you have uniformity be-
tween present and past emotions. Were the forms of all
visions cast in one mould, that mould were the grave of
love."

This profound difference between thought and passion
Bichat explains by the theory that the former is dependent
on that side of our being which we call animal life, while the
latter proceeds from the organic life. Every thing that has
to do with intellectual operations, properly so called, has its
seat in the brain, which is the centre of animal life. Every
thing that has to do with the passions, on the other hand, has
its seat in the viscera. The effect of passion of every kind is to produce
some change, some alteration in the organic life—that is to
say, in the organs of circulation, of respiration and of nutri-
tion. This fundamental difference between intelligence and
passion, as regards the organs which seem to be their re-
spective seats, has long been remarked by popular sagacity
and incorporated into language. Such expressions as "a
good head," "a fine-shaped head," have always been em-
ployed to express perfection of understanding; and "a good
heart," "a tender heart," to express the perfection of senti-
ment. It has also been a current phrase to say that the
blood "boils" with anger, or that indignation "moves" the
bile, or that the heart "jumps" with joy. Our gestures ac-
cord with our words; thus, when we would in dumb show
indicate some state having to do with memory, imagination,
perception, or judgment, we bring the hand up to the head.
But, when we would express love, joy, hate, disgust, we
bring the hand up to the region of the heart or of the
stomach.

A close observation of facts proves the correctness of the
theories that have given rise to these phrases and gestures.
It is evident that anger accelerates the circulatory move-
ment, and that joy has the same effect, while grief and fear
produce the opposite results. Extreme emotions are some-
times followed by fatal syncope. Profound grief causes a
difficulty of respiration. Sudden fright checks the secretion
of bile. Independently of these palpable phenomena, the
passions modify profoundly the nutritive processes, and give
rise to disordered conditions, of a more or less grave nature.
Hence, again, language accords with physiology. To play away
with envy or with remorse, to waste away with grief, are ex-
pressions that attest the influence of the passions on the
organic life. Again, Bichat ingeniously notes the relation
subsisting between the passions and the temperament. The
individual, whose lungs are highly developed, and whose cir-
culatory system is specially vigorous, will naturally be of very
impetuous disposition, choleric, passionate and courageous.
Where the bilious system predominates, enviousness and
hate seem to be more habitual. The lymphatic temperament
gives to the passions a quiet and indolent character. Thus
every thing, according to Bichat, goes to show that the
organic life is the vehicle to which the passions tend, and
the centre from which they start, and that the animal life
only suffers from the rebound consequentively. If the focus of
the animal life is the brain, then what is the focus of the
organic life? What is the apparatus specially concerned in
producing emotions and passion manifestations? Bichat
holds that there is no one organ on which this office
devolves exclusively, and he localizes the passions in what
he calls the epigastric centre; that is to say, in the heart,
the lungs, the liver, the gall-bladder and the ganglionic nerve-
system distributed throughout these organs. Each of these
it, according to him, the seat of a distinct passion, and the
movements that are determined by this passion are perfectly
involuntary.

Such is Bichat's doctrine of the passions; it is the ancient
doctrine, only developed and elucidated, reasoned out with
greater precision and fortified with fresh proofs. It is correct
in its analysis of the visceral disturbances produced by the
passions, but erroneous in that it regards the viscera as their
sole spring and origin. To call before the honor of having
proved that the viscera primarily affect the brain and not
the viscera. It was the experiments made by that great man
which showed that the brain is the organ of sentiments no
less than of ideas. His argument against Bichat's theory
may be reduced to these fundamental observations: "The heart
and the diaphragm are only muscles, the stomach and
the liver only accessory apparatus, the kidneys only an ex-
cretory apparatus, and the spleen only a sanguiferous gland;
several of these organs may suffer lesion or be removed and
still the passions remain; hence we cannot localize the pas-
sions in them. Still, in the next place, examines all the parts
of the nervous system outside of the brain, viz., the plexuses,
the ganglia, the nerves and the sensory apparatus, and shows
that here, too, it is impossible to find the source of our pas-

sions, instincts, affections or passions. Finally, Bichat
localizes the brain itself and in it discovers the complete seat of all
these activities. That the passions depend essentially on the
brain is proved from the fact that any impairment of that
viscus determines a perturbation of the passions no less than
of the intellectual phenomena. When we are physicians of
half a century ago, who were profoundly versed in the study
of insanity—a Pictet or a Esquirol, for instance—hesitate
about locating in the brain the immediate cause of dementia
and the various forms of mania, we can appreciate the im-
portance of the service done by Gall in the science of man,
when he rigorously demonstrated the ill-understood functions
of the brain and proved the correctness of Descartes' doc-
trine of the passions.

The experiments of modern physiologists, those of Claude
Bernard in particular, show that all sensations act primarily
on the nerve-centres, through the nerves reaching from the
periphery of the body to those centres. The sensations thus
determined in the brain or in the spinal cord, are then trans-
ferred to the nerve-fibres which extend to the viscera and
members, and hence the latter are affected only secondarily.
Of all the organs, the heart is the one which earliest and most
profoundly experiences the influence of the sensitive excita-
tions produced in the nerve-centres. So soon as any modifica-
tion whatever is produced in the central nerve-sub-
stance, the nerve transmits this vibration to the heart, and
at once the movements of the latter suffer a perturbation
which is expressed in various ways. At one time the nervous
action is sufficiently energetic to it once stop the working of
the heart; and, as the blood is no longer discharged into the
veins, syncope (fainting) is the result, the skin assuming
the pallor and lividness of death. Again, the reverse effect
takes place, the beating of the heart being accelerated instead
of being stopped; in this case the blood is forced through
the distended vessels to the brain, and there is over-excit-
ation of that organ's activity. The heart is no more the seat
of the sentiments than the hand is the seat of the will, but it
is a reactive which is modified by the sentiments, with the
most alacrity and with inflexible certainty. Not only does
the heart betray by the very disturbance of its normal
rhythm the nature of the initial brain-excitation, but it also
produces throughout the whole organism disordered actions,
the sum of which constitutes, as it were, the physical image,
the palpable externals of passion. But it produces this dis-
ordered action only by reacting on the brain, which is the
organ of all the demonstrations and of all the movements of
the nerves and consequently of the muscles. Thus it is that
the heart and the brain, the blood-circulation and the nerve-
system, combine in the production of passion phenomena by a
series of alternate actions and reactions.

Such are, at least, the chief points of Claude Bern-
ard's doctrine, as set forth at a famous Sabouras
conference in 1866. At that period, the nature of the
nerve-movements of the heart with the brain were
as yet unknown, and a Russian physiologist, E. Cynn,
has, for some years past, labored successfully to fill up this
gap. The heart is provided with a number of little self-
acting nerve-ganglia, without relations to the brain, from
which spring, under the influence of the blood, a certain
number of motor impulses. These ganglia govern the normal
action of the cardiac apparatus; but the rhythm and the
force of the beatings are every instant modified by ex-
citations having their origin in the brain. The latter organ
sends out to the ganglia of the heart two sets of nerves—the
pneumogastric, or retarding, and the accelerator nerves.
Excitation of the former diminishes the frequency and im-
pairs the force of the heart's movements. The accelerator
nerves produce the opposite results, increasing the number
and lessening the force of the heart's contractions. These
two sets of nerves accommodate the activity of the heart to
that of the rest of the organism, and hold it in equilibrium
with the constant oscillations of the various functions of
body and soul. Besides these filaments, extending from the
brain to the heart, there are others from the heart to the
brain, which M. Cynn calls depressors. The office of these
nerves is to notify the brain, and consequently the soul, of
the changes occurring in the rhythm and energy of the car-
diac contractions. Thus, in virtue of the pneumogastric and
the accelerator nerves, the heart is an organ wherein is re-
flected, immediately and with precision, every passion
state, with its most shades of distinction. And, on the
other hand, in virtue of the depressor nerves, our conscious-
ness notes the infinitely diverse oscillations of the heart's
beatings attendant on passion states. The mechanism of
the heart's motions under passion depends on these two in-
verse nerve currents.

Every agreeable or joyous emotion of the soul excites the
accelerator nerves of the heart and causes that organ to beat
with great rapidity, lessening at the same time the force of
its contractions. The phrases, the heart leaps with joy, or
flutters with joy, admirably characterize this action of the
accelerator nerves. The facility with which the heart drives
the blood into the arteries, under such circumstances, pro-
duces that feeling of comfort and pleasure which is expressed
by the words, a light heart. On the other hand, all sad or
painful feelings act chiefly on the retarding filaments of the
pneumogastric nerves. Emotions of this description diminish
the rapidity of the heart's beatings, and so increase the
amount of blood discharged from that organ at each diastole;
hence the contractions by which it drives the blood into the
veins are laborious and protracted. These contractions,
attended as they are with pain, give rise to an overflow of
sensations, expressed in common language by such phrases
as oppression of the heart, the heart is agitated, etc. That
other phrases, the heart is ready to burst, expansion, with
great exactitude, the sensation of distress one feels when
suffering from post-pneumonia. The apex of some painful
has, when suddenly conveyed, oftentimes produces wild,
irregular contractions, owing to a paralysis of the retar-
dator nerve, and it is not rare to find this disordered sensation
followed by a total stoppage of the heart's action and syn-
cope. Hence, says Claude Bernard, when we have to con-
siderate as a precept some heart-breaking piece of intel-

* "Immo sic arbitrio vultu, laetitia,
Fur there it is one conscious being diving;
There fear and dread anxiety creep chill,
And nothing joys play flitting round the heart,
Which shows the seat is there that joys and fears."
—Anacreon, C. F. Johnson's translation.

gases, we must use great precaution. The intensity of the effects produced on the heart by the soul's emotions depends, above all, on the excitability of the nerves connecting heart and brain. The greater the excitability of these nerves, the more pronounced are the heart's motions, and the finer, too, and the more delicate are the consecutive impressions. It is because the nerves of women and children are more excitable than those of men, that their hearts also are more profoundly affected by the emotions; or, in common language, their hearts are more tender, more sensitive.

While the heart seems to be more directly under the influence of the feelings, the lungs appear to have some connection with thought. When absorbed in some profound meditation, or when listening to some orator whose discourse arrests our attention, we suspend the respiratory movements. Darwin offers an ingenious explanation of this phenomenon, attributing it to the habit we have contracted of not breathing when we are listening attentively, so as not to disturb by the sound of the breath the silence necessary for catching every syllable.

From the fact that the real affections of the soul, and consequently of the brain, are always accompanied by disturbance of the respiratory and circulatory functions, we may conclude that the heart and the arterial tension are the true index of the emotional states. Hence it is that the artist, when he would prove that some persons situation inspires him with no fear, seizes the hand of the one he seeks to reassure or to convince, and places it over his own heart, in order to show that the beatings of that organ keep up their usual rhythm. Hence, too, it is that we must not regard arteries and gusts as positive indices of passion. When you see a woman weep and agitated on hearing some painful news, you have only to feel her pulse; if that is normal, you may pronounce the emotion simulated. On the other hand, if you see a woman whose distress is manifested by an outward sign, but whose heart beats with unwonted irregularity, you may be sure that she feigns a calm that is not in her soul. There is yet another mode of ascertaining, and even of measuring accurately, the strength of emotions. This we may do by applying either to the pulse or to the heart one of those delicate apparatuses invented by M. Marey, which trace on a sheet of blackened paper curves of greater or less slowness, representing the number, the force and the form of the beats of the pulse, or the contractions of the heart. Just as these apparatus give us tracings which at once indicate the nature of the heart's motions in various diseases—for instance, fever, typhus or pneumonia—they might in like manner give us graphic representations of the motions under the influence of the various passions, such as love, fear, grief, joy, anger, etc. Indeed, each of these states of the soul produces, in the order of the heart's beatings, a modification as peculiar and characteristic that we may regard each of the passions as having a curve of its own. M. Cyon, who has recently suggested this ingenious idea of applying graphic apparatus to the physiology of the passions, gives some illustrations of the beatings such experiments might have. Among the hearts gathered round the bed of a dying man there is one whose grief causes his heart to beat slowly but violently. In some of the others, who impatiently await the end, the heart beats quickly but feebly. The graphic apparatus, which describes, with marvelous precision, the rhythm of cardiac contractions, and which is called the cardiograph, could in this case exhibit the real feelings of the hearts. This is not at all an exaggeration, and we have no doubt that an instrument of great sensibility could be got to note the differences here referred to. Perhaps the case would be different under circumstances of greater complexity. The modifications of the heart's beating intervene in a twofold manner, in the determination of our inclinations and in the acts which proceed from them, either by producing sudden changes in the quantity of blood diffused through the nerve-centres, or by giving us agreeable or painful sensations through the depressor nerves. Now, a sudden afflux of blood to the brain, and extremely painful sensations, may produce, in a man not suffering from any mental disease, the most violent motions, and may betray him into the commission of the most serious offenses. Suppose a man commits a crime under circumstances but ill understood; the question arises, Was he moved to the act unconsciously and by physiological causes, or did he do it deliberately and after calm reflection? M. Cyon thinks he can resolve this problem as follows: The soul possesses the faculty of experiencing, on the recollection of a past act, emotions of a like kind with those it experienced at the moment of its commission. The detailed history of a crime must produce in the accused who listens to it—supposing that he had committed the crime knowingly—emotions of this kind, as also the cardiac motions necessarily correlative to them. Hence the judge may, by means of the cardiograph, inform himself as to the presence or absence of these motions, and so decide whether the accused has or has not a recollection of the crime, i.e., has committed the crime whether with or without consciousness. This business is rather ingenious than plausible, rather theoretic than practical. Of course, an individual who has committed a crime in a state of delirium cannot, on hearing the history of that crime, experience the same emotions, nor consequently the same modifications of the heart's movements, as he would if he had committed it with a full knowledge of what he was doing; still, it would be as hard for him in the one case as in the other, to maintain an absolute *non-propos*. A man who is accused of having committed a crime, and who knows that he has committed it, is alarmed at the sight of the judge who questions him, and at the thought of the accusation which stands against him, even though the crime was committed in a moment of delirium. On the other hand, it may easily happen that a hardened offender, who has committed a crime with full deliberation, will be so far master of himself as to feel but insignificant emotion when the circumstances of his crime are brought up before him. Yet this idea of M. Cyon's merits the attention of psychological physiologists, and we may venture to hope that the day will come when theories in psychology will consider their descriptions of passions

states with graphic tracings showing the rhythm of heart-contractions which answers to such passion. These tracings will be trustworthy and precise, for, if the will be mistress of movements and demonstrations that appear at the surface. It has but very little power over those that are concealed, like the heart, and these are truthful witnesses, ever at hand to testify lying testimony.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOCIALISTIC.

FREE-LOVE CONTROVERSY CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM HENRY JAMES TO A. F. ANDREWS—CONTINUED.

Now if by freedom of love you mean emancipation from marriage-contraint, you cannot so regard your use of the word love as symbolized merely, and to view the word itself as meaning substantially both. I hope you will not deem me silly enough to suppose that I thus stigmatize your doctrine in any good man's regard. (On the contrary I am only making an honest attempt instinctively to characterize it; and so by the marriage-love of the same heaven has always been appropriately symbolized to the lastest, so I take no liberty with thought in saying that hell is no less appropriately symbolized by love as opposed to marriage. I repeat, then, that free love, regarded as the enemy of marriage, means to the philosophic imagination free hell, neither more nor less. Free hell, it is true—which is a greatly improved aspect of the subject—but still hell, and not by any means either earth or heaven. It is in this fact alone as it seems to me which supplies the philosophy of the free-love agitation, and releases it from an otherwise utter triviality. Free love is only the shibboleth of the movement, only the specious battle-cry under which its shadowy cohorts are being marshaled for the final field of Armageddon. But, viewed under the surface, it is a surging up of great hell itself into the current of our daily life, to become henceforth an acknowledged factor in human affairs, or to be repressed with no longer as a suppressed and disreputable, but as an every way free and respectable force in our nature.

You pay me the somewhat dubious compliment of calling Swedenborg my fountain of wisdom. I foster myself that the fountain in question is somewhat more highly placed. I am quite sure at all events, that Swedenborg's stately wig would rise off his head in astonishment and awe of the waters that flow from that fountain. Swedenborg is not the head of a man of ideas, but eminently a man of facts; and if any one goes to him therefore for ideas themselves, and not for the mere raw material out of which ideas are constituted, he will be sadly disappointed. This is what makes Swedenborg at once the most unsatisfactory and the most instructive of writers, that he has no pretension to supply his readers with intelligence, but only with facts, which, nevertheless, are a sure vehicle of intelligence to every one who knows how to use them. Now, altogether the most impressive fact I find in Swedenborg is the fact of the Last Judgment, effected, as he declares, more than a century ago in the world of spirits, and resulting in the complete practical effacement of the old antagonism of heaven and hell, and their joint and equal subjugation henceforth to the evolution and uses of a new mankind on earth, at once material and spiritual, or finite and infinite, which he calls a Divine-natural mankind, and represents to have been the sole creative and the sole formative force in his history.

Now if this Last Judgment of Swedenborg's be a fact of our spiritual or neo-history, and the elements of good and evil in our nature have become actually remodeled in a new divine mankind, have become actually fused, blended, or married in a new or divine-human life on earth, what can worthily express this grand spiritual achievement in our nature but Society? Society then is the true form of human destiny. And if Society itself be a marriage of good and evil, of spirit and flesh, of heaven and hell, consummated in the divine heart of our nature, why should not hell declare itself free of heaven, or love declare itself free of the purely enforced bondage it has hitherto been under in marriage? How indeed can it help doing so? The stars, in characterizing his sacred bondage to his master, does not refuse him a spontaneous loyalty on occasion. And love, in refusing a constrained homage to marriage, will not deny itself the honor and advantage of a spontaneous adhesion. Society, when once it is fully established to man's recognition as the sole law of their origin and destiny, as the sole divine justification of their past disreputable existence, will exhibit or express a perfect reconciliation of our most finite or personal necessities with our most free or spiritual and infinite aspirations. But that is only saying in other words, that man's life, whether inward or outward, whether spiritual or material, will then be no longer moral or religious as centered primarily in self, or primarily in the neighbor, but altogether authentic or spontaneous, as centered in self and the neighbor quite equally. And when the law of man's life thus expresses itself no longer in the rugged forms of duty, but in every winning form of delight, the lower element in our nature will be found even more prompt to its social allegiance than the superior element. Hell in that event as a recognized factor in human life, unopposed with heaven, will vindicate its freedom no longer by voluntarily deferring to heaven, but by doing so instinctively as the very condition of its subsistence; for reciprocal deference is the life-blood of freedom. Thus when the various prodigies of a man, or his latent love of himself, binds him to society as the law of his being, he may surely be allowed to claim what freedom in love he pleases: his love—in spite of himself, if need were—will evermore drive to induce itself in marriage consummation, for marriage is both the substance and the form of true society, and nothing derogatory to the marriage spirit can exist in it. This is why it is written:—There shall be no wife enter into it anything that defileth, neither anything that speaketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
CARRINGTON, Mass. April 14.

COMMENTS AND REPLY.

BY GEORGE FRANK ANDREWS.

The opening sentence of this part of Mr. JAMES'S communication is in itself utterly ambiguous, for the reason that it is impossible to tell, from it, whether by "emancipation from marriage-contraint" he means by marriage-contraint the outer constraint of the status law, or that power, which he has intimated to be the demand of the free love, from the divine order, whatever that may be, of the love-relation of mankind. But light is thrown upon the subject further on, and it appears that he means this last, for he contrasts the "emancipation" from it under the name of Hell, with "that marriage-law of the same by which Heaven has always been appropriately symbolized."

Now by marriage as appropriately symbolizing Heaven, he undoubtedly means nothing other than harmoniously adjusted love relations in accordance with the divine law; by which is meant, again, nothing other than the highest law in the universe applicable to the subject. He may assume in his thought that this highest law is such, or such; but that does not affect the question; as he may be either right or wrong in the assumption; and he can hardly, I think, reject any definition, which transcends all special readings of the law. This highest law must in turn be ascertained by intuition, by inspirational impression, by experience, by reason, and, in fact, in the highest degree, by the absolute science of the subject expounded to and modifying the results of all the other methods—*et cetera*, in a word, whatever faculties and means the human mind possesses for compassing a knowledge of the highest truth, especially in this sphere of affairs. Love—as a substance or subject-matter, appropriately signified by the *et cetera* and highest law of the relation—as a *form*—this substance and this form, again, happily united or married to each other, is what Mr. JAMES is here characterizing as marriage-love, and so heaven; and accordingly, I think, appropriately object to this characterization.

So, on the other hand, the dream or modeling of this substance and this form—it is a little queer to call this idea an "emancipation," but no matter so long as we can guess at what is meant—say, with the same appropriateness, extending the symbol, he denominated hell. I conceived, at once in my previous answer, that what Mr. JAMES understood as he proposed as doctrine would be a doctrine of devil; and I suppose that sort of thing is rightly characterized as hell. But, I have now to show that, as I think, Mr. JAMES does not quite understand himself on this subject; and I take the liberty to correct him; as, if he is going to conduct us to the sublimous abyss, I want he should go straight to hell; and not devote a hair's breadth to the right or the left.

I have pointed out two senses in which Mr. JAMES has used the word marriage. There is however here a third meaning so subtle that I presume he is entirely unaware of it. Marriage is here in one branch contrasted with love, as the opposite partner in a partnership of ideas; and, in the next branch, it is used to mean love combined with marriage, (marriage being now used in the former sense, that is to say to mean the partnership itself). It is as if SMITH were about, in the first place to be fairly treated, in relation to JOHN, in settling the affairs of the firm of SMITH & JOHN, but that, subsequently, the partnership were dissolved in that JOHN is the firm of SMITH & JOHN, and then poor SMITH has now to reckon with the whole firm against him.

Read the following extract in the light of this criticism:—"I am only making an honest attempt instinctively to characterize it [free love]. And as by the marriage-law [love and true marriage combined] of the same heaven has always been appropriately symbolized to the lastest, so I take no liberty with thought in saying that hell is no less appropriately symbolized by love as opposed to marriage. I repeat, then, that free love, regarded as the enemy of marriage, means, to the philosophic imagination, free hell, neither more nor less," etc. It will appear at once, as a clear implication of this extract, that marriage, the last two times it is here used, is used as synonymous with marriage-love—as, in other words, a partnership-idea, including love as one of the partners—and in that case love is no more an appropriate idea to contrast with it than SMITH is the appropriate antithesis, in the case supposed above, of SMITH & JOHN. The true antithetical idea of a partnership, is the individuals as individuals, and both of them equally, out of the partnership. In the true antithesis, in idea, of marriage (meaning love in marriage and marriage in love conjointly) is love, and marriage, as a substance and a form, mutually attracted, divorced or separated from each other; and then if the word free is used to mean their separation (or emancipation) from each other, it is just as applicable to marriage as one of the partners as it is to love as the other partner; and it is not alone free love which is hell, but it is love divorced from true relational adjustment (here called marriage) and true relational adjustment (that is, the relational adjustment which would be true if love were present) this last without love, which are both and equally the symbol of hell. In other words, love without marriage and marriage without love are hell—the reader remembering that we are not now talking of static marriage, but of true actual adjustments; and love severed to true actual adjustments, or vice versa, is heaven.

No philosophical free lover, any more than any other philosopher, would object, I presume, to these statements; and this is what Mr. James means; or should mean, in the previous.

We are all aware that love, as more unattained desire, is hell, or misery; and confined upon a low plane it is still hell to one who has conflicting superior desire unattained; and when the satisfaction is complete in kind, if the adjustments are imperfect, conflicting or disharmonious, in whatever sense, we remain in hell; and this is what Mr. JAMES is alluding to when he says, he having taken the word free to mean divorced or severed from true or harmonious adjustment; but how he could ever have thought any set of people to be the partners of this particular kind of hell is still very surprising. On the other hand, he might just as rightly, and is even repelled by antithesis, to say free marriage, in the

sense of more formal adjustment discerned from here as the appropriate inditing substance, and then in denouncing it as hell of another kind; which we all know it to be. It is this latter hell which free lovers are especially engaged in combating; and it is that hell of devils and this hell of Satans (Swedenborgian) between which I insist that Mrs. JAMES shall hold even balance; in other words, that he shall go straight to hell.

But Mrs. JAMES's ladder of argument, though there is a round base occasionally, is still a ladder conducting him up to a culmination of magnificent philosophical statement. Free love, as he is still with him by no means altogether disreputable. Hell itself is getting up in the world. It is an equal factor in the grand old battle of principles, the end of which is not defeat for either, but a trial-of-reconciliation whereby the new heavens and the new earth are to be constituted. All this is unswerving and grand and true, and it evinces me to have no distinct an announcement of the doctrine, in this connection, from Mr. JAMES. I gladly concede now that he has derived only the materials for this doctrine from Swedenborg, and that the form of it is new and equally original with Mrs. JAMES and myself, and perhaps some other thinkers of this age. At all events, I am in full fellowship with him upon this central point of what I must undoubtedly believe is the final and integral philosophy of mankind.

I should not, it is true, have my faith in a final philosophy upon Swedenborg's personal experiences in the spirit world, nor upon any more historical avowment of events which have been transpired in any world, but upon what to me is far sower, the unswerving laws and principles of all being. Still, I have no contempt for Swedenborg's experiences, whether they prove to have been subjective or objective phenomena; and the rendering which Mrs. JAMES gives of the event alluded to is altogether sublime and alike true, whether the event literally and objectively occurred or not. If the date of these spiritual experiences was so far back, it would seem that the effective promulgation of the fact has been reserved for this and the coming age. The new divine manhood has as yet made but small external progress in the world. The germ, nevertheless, exists, and it is taking on, every day, increased proportions. The most fatal mistake that soldiers make in war is to fire upon detachments of their own army, and it is all important that they discover and retrieve the blunder. The figure is commended to Mrs. JAMES's consideration. Verbum sap. ait.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

The following is taken from the New York Day's Delights: It is reported that there is a family in Paterson who were a few days ago united, husband and wife, after being separated for some time under very singular circumstances, indicative of a state of society decidedly loose. A certain married man, living in the southern part of the city, some time since alone eloped with a certain married woman who lived near. To console himself, the husband left alone, took the other man's deserted wife home to cook his dinners for him, etc.

After some months, the runaway husband returned to visit Paterson, and the first one he met was the husband whose wife he had taken. It was then and there mutually agreed that the exchange of wives be a permanent agreement, all hands seeming to be pleased with the new order of things.

So the first-mentioned man returned with the good news to Camden to tell his new partner about it, when, to his horror, he found she had eloped with another man. This was worse than ever. He returned to Paterson, mourning the loss of all his wives, when he was met with open arms by his own legitimate wife, and they made up and agreed to live together again. And to make the matter all right, what should happen in two or three days but the arrival of the other man's wife, hearing to be taken back again, the man with whom she had eloped at Camden having eloped from her.

And so they are all living now together as they originally were, in legitimate marriage. It is about as mixed-up a case as we ever heard of; and what is more strange about it, is that it is all true, and the parties are now living in Paterson, the reunion referred to having taken place only a week or two since.

RESPECTABILITY SEEDING IN RASCALITY.

Mary Ellen McCormack, eight years of age was recently rescued by Mr. Henry Bergh from the custody of Mr. and Mrs. Conolly in New York city. It appears that she has been frequently, cruelly and wantonly beaten, cut with knives, confined alone in a fireless room, insufficiently clothed, etc. She slept on a piece of carpet without covering, was never allowed to leave the room except to go in the yard at night; is unusually intelligent, and—mark this—is supposed to be the illegitimate child of respectable parents. Just so! There's the rub!

In view of the care and affection lavished upon children as exhibited in the foregoing, under the present system of marriage and sexual relations, the intense wickedness of those who would change them, and thus render the Conollys' role impracticable, must be universally conceded. The present system must be upheld and the rights of children secured, beyond perjury, to adulterage, whippings, sold, wife-take, forcement, and death by slow starvation! Vice Conolly and Conservatism!

We read of one Moloch to whom children were made to "pass through the fire;" thousands of years afterward we pass our children to the Moloch of respectability through frost, whippings and starvation. Thus perish—as Ellen McCormack might have perished—thousands of the best and brightest because they were not born in accordance with the iron rules of false morality; some are taken and tenderly nurtured by those who adopt them, but even these more fortunate ones are subjected to taunts and sneers from "legitimate" Yahoo abortions, whose very "life" originated in a "respectable" lie, whose "liberty" was only be-
 and whose "pursuit of happiness" mainly consists in making others miserable. For such the Declaration of Independence is a falsehood—a "truth" (as Swedenborg has it) let down from Heaven into hell, which "there becomes a lie."

ALFRED CHIDDER.

A NOBLE WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Sarah J. Spencer was before the House Committee upon Buildings and Grounds the other day, and gave a most startling picture of the social evil in the city of Washington. In her demands that Congress establish there a reformatory institution for fallen women, who really wish to escape a life of sin and shame. Her eloquent address before the committee fairly startled them. From a record report of Mrs. Spencer's speech I give one or two extracts, to show the horrible condition of the under life in Washington. Mrs. Spencer said:

"In one house of ill-fame in this city I found, as the chief attractions for visitors, five children, ranging from twelve to sixteen. Upon expressing my horror to the keeper of the house, she said: 'The gentlemen, even white-haired old men, pay the highest price for this. It won't pay to keep old girls here. The youngest one here was seduced by her master, a respectable married man, at her service place, and ran away from her mistress. If I should turn these children out, I should like to know who would take care of them. You can take them all, if you choose. I won't stand in their way. I should like to get out of it myself, but nobody will trust me.'

"I glanced inwardly, for shameless as she was, I knew she spoke the truth. No one would take them, no one would trust them. How dare we say these girls choose that life until we give them an opportunity to choose a better? A note came to me one day stating that a young girl in Murder Row wanted to see me. The locality was described but the number was not given. A woman with a blackened eye and bruised face said: 'Rashly you'll find her in the corner house.' I knocked at the door. A woman, who had been beautiful once, with a face now distorted with evil passions, opened the door, glaring at me furiously. Suddenly a change passed over her face, and she did not attempt to molest me as I walked past her to a delicate little figure leaning against the wall. I took the key-hole and the little girl and led her into the parlor, the mistress following. Her face was deathly white; her eyes had a heavy, leaden look, and as I put my hand upon her forehead I found it was as cold as her hands. She had been dragged, and, as I afterward found, had been in that state three weeks. I kissed her forehead, thinking, 'Whose daughter is this?' The girl started her, and she said, faintly: 'Oh! I know you. I saw you once before. Your name is Spencer, and you're come for me. I can't get my things. (She whispering in my ear) won't let me have them. Can I go with you without a bonnet?'

"Gentlemen of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, I wish I had language to tell you how I felt when I was obliged to tell her that I did not come to take her away. I had no place to take her for a single night.

"The other day I was sent for to come home in haste. In a little room at the foot of the stairs, upon the floor, lay a little figure, with a white, child-like face, bearing traces of mortal agony. She had been 'on the town' since the age of twelve, having been at first lured into a den and looked up for three weeks. The night before she had been turned out of a little room because she could not pay the rent. She walked up and down the streets with a tiny bundle in her hand, penniless, hungry and cold. Late at night she earned a dollar at her usual trade. Fifty cents of this she was obliged to pay for the use of a room, and she was upon the street again with fifty cents in her hand, and sickness coming on. She asked a woman to let her stay all night and to give her a piece of bread and butter for her fifty cents, which she did. Pain would not let her sleep and at five o'clock in the morning she was frightened at her condition and started for the station. The mortal agony of motherhood had come, she hurried on to the station-house, and asked an officer to take her to the poor-house. She said he told her 'he didn't take none o' them no more; she'd better go to the Women's Christian Association.' This was two miles away, and she had not a penny. So she dragged her suffering body to their door. They asked her if she had a letter from anybody. 'No, nothing at all, but the directions from the police-station.' Then she must go to some one whom they named and get a letter. Another mile and back. It was now late in the day, for she moved very slowly the long way out, and she had eaten nothing since she bought the piece of bread and butter the night before. She walked half a mile further, and then dropped upon a door-step where a man was smoking a pipe. He asked how far it was to the lady to whom she had been sent. He told her, and she said: 'I can't go there, then, for I don't give out.' He told her 'she had better go to Mrs. Spencer's; that wasn't far off.' She did not know how she came to be lying on my floor. This was two weeks ago. When, even within a few days, my heart has grown faint with the long, weary struggle to secure help for these poor girls, I have thought of that suffering little girl dragging her way through the nation's capital, and I have grown strong again."

The effect upon the committee was very great. Mrs. Spencer's arguments gave them food for thought that had not been in their minds for years. To legislate for humanity was urged. Mrs. Spencer only asks for a place where she can care for the young girls that have fallen. She says that fully seventy-five per cent. of fallen ones in this country and Europe are lured into vice under the age of fifteen years. Not over twenty-five per cent. enter the business from choice. With all the lavish appropriations by Congress to subsidize the commercial interest of the country, Mrs. Spencer thought that a few thousands would not be amiss to subsidize the virtue of this district. It is thought the committee will recommend an appropriation.

WHEREAS—RESOLVED.

Offering noticed the somewhat amusing incidents of several traditional remnants of dried-up asceticism, with members enough for officers, and a quotient of an indefinite number, led off by one that died several years ago with the dry-dog, in Hammon, N. J., that have passed with great unanimity certain wharves and reserves against Woodhullism when there was no Woodhullism, and against the Chicago Convention, which they never saw, and whose sets and reserves they know nothing about, except from sales reports and shoddy attacks of women, and against Free Love, when all love is free, except the love of God, which is constrained by church laws and sometimes prominently against their own personal records—as sundry to hold a convention, which we did, and unanimously resolved as follows:

1. Every man and woman has a perfect and inalienable right to control his or her own person, unless convicted of crime, and restricted in such right as a punishment.
2. As marriage is not a criminal act, it cannot justly restrict such liberty; nor can parties to it, by agreement, restrict each right, even by a verbal or unadvised contract.
3. A rape committed by a man upon the person of a wife is as much a crime, and should be as much a legal crime as if committed upon any other woman.
4. Any personal attack or abuse of a wife by her husband, whether sexual or otherwise, should be punished the same as if committed on any other woman.
5. As marriage is a civil contract by our laws, parties have a right to enter into it and dissolve it without a priest, magistrate or court, as they would any other contract, subject only to the general laws regulating civil contracts, with such amendments as would adapt it to the protection of women and children, until women have an equal voice in making the laws, and an equal share of the property, to support herself and children.
6. As every part, organ and function of the human body is created for use, and none for abuse, and no woman is alone endowed with the capacity to receive and support the germ and early runs of organic human life, therefore she alone should decide when, where, how and by whom she will become a mother.
7. As true marriage is that relation and condition where one man and one woman are wholly, sexually, devoted to each other, and fully satisfied with each other as mating companions, therefore this is the highest social form of life known to us, and in such relation no woman would desire other partners or partners in childbearing nor in sexual intercourse.
8. No ceremony of priest or magistrate can make an act right that is wrong without such ceremony, nor can such ceremony make an act wrong that is right without such ceremony, since right and wrong exist in the acts and relations of the parties, independent of the ceremony, and not in the ceremony, nor in the moment of the parties in the ceremony; hence marriage exists without the ceremony, or not at all.
9. The same should be registered, examined, reported, filed, talked about, tabulated and estimated merely by the law and public opinion alone, thereby compelling men to bring their victims up to their moral level or sink to the level to which they degrade the families they disgrace.
10. Women should be peculiarly independent of men, and have entire control of all sexual intimacy without any pecuniary consideration, and thereby abolish the social evil and house of prostitution.
11. Rape is an act in which the parties do not act mutually and jointly in participation, and hence is more frequent in marriage than out of it.
12. No woman is virtuous who submits her body to the sexual abuse of any man without sexual attraction or desire, and without participation in the act arising therefrom.
13. No man is virtuous who uses or abuses the body of a female without her voluntary and mutual attraction and participation in such relations as arise therefrom.
14. Virtue is not sanctified by, restricted to, nor confined within the legal bonds of marriage, but by the proper, healthy, natural and legitimate use of the sexual functions, and by never sacrificing nor abusing the organs of the body over the attractions of the soul.
15. As the natural duties for maternity cannot be restricted by legal marriage, and as there are many women who desire to be mothers and do not desire to marry, and as such are often able to support and educate their children, therefore they have as good right to become mothers without being disgraced as married women have, and are not as much disgraced in the eyes of God, of angels and of good men and women as the women who bear unwelcome children by husbands they do not have the proper attraction to for maternity.
16. While women is kept in an inferior condition and subjection, as at present, vice, immorality and wickedness children will be the rule, and virtue, morality and welcome children the exception; but when women is man's equal in property and every department of social, civil and political life, the reverse will be true.
17. The most summary legislation for regulating the relation of the man to a property person woman from the necessity of selling herself to man for an hour, a day, a month or a lifetime in order to obtain bread, clothes, or a portion of a home, or promise of a loving husband, who does not know he will love her at all after he gets possession of her, and whose love may be only last and not last a week, or may be a love based on false estimates and patch in a week, with no power, in promise, or ceremony to restore it.
18. Those who do not desire to live together as man and wife have a right to separate, without the expense or gossip of a court trial and decree of divorce.

Having deliberately discussed the foregoing resolutions and unanimously adopted them, all alone, at Omaha, the 25th day of March, 1874, we therefore adjourned, subject to call of officers.

WARREN CHASE.

[From the *Litigator*, (22.) Press.]
BEAUTIES OF THE PRESENT SOCIAL SYSTEM.

A little fortune white baby is the possession of a colored woman in Upper street. The child is a bright-eyed, fair-skinned boy of twelve months, had been noticed in the arms of his noble nurse, and inquiry was made as to whom it belonged. Well, for all we have been able to discover, it belongs to the woman now so kindly nursing it. It was left with her, she said, by a colored woman who had been taking care of it at her home near Fayette's depot, but who had to leave for the South, and desired to put the child somewhere where it would be cared for. Of the parents we could learn nothing except (and the woman gave a meaning laugh while she spoke) that "the mother was wealthy, was quite a gay belle much admired, living in another county, and the father was supposed to live in Fayette. The child when delivered in her was nicely dressed and had five or six changes, and if ever she got anything for taking care of it she supposed she would get it through the woman that left it with her."

The woman volunteered some curious information concerning other little foundlings. She had heard of three quite recently. In one case an infant dressed in a fine crimson robe, was left at the door of a colored woman, residing on Broadway. The infant was wrapped in a downy fine suit similar to the one worn, and with them was found some money.

In another case, a fine child was found upon the doorstep of a poor lady on Limestone street.

The latest case she knew of was at Midway; an infant, only a few months old, had been left with a colored woman at that place, by a man who came and went in the night, and appeared to go toward Georgetown, South county. He came frequently, bringing clothing and money; never got out of his buggy, made anxious inquiries about the state of the child's health and departed as he had come—in the dark. The last time he called he left ten dollars for the child's use, and promised to call again in six months. Our informant was under the impression that the woman thus displayed was parasitic. The little person in the ward presented, pronounced by such an one, with such experience of its empty meaning in a foundling's prison was enough to make one ashamed of his kind and we turned away.

CIRCULAR LETTER TO SOCIALISTS.

In view of the great diversity of ideas now being set forth by those prospecting for some feasible plan of organizing communities, we herewith offer the following propositions as a plan upon which we should like to unite with others in carrying out, and we invite criticism from all who may think our positions untenable:

1. We wish to come in contact with an equal proportion of men and women, who are morally, socially, religiously and politically free; and who can use freedom, not abusing it, in all of life's activities; but this, of course, gives no one the right to trespass upon any other person, as, in so doing, the freedom of the one trespasses upon the other. We regard these morally and socially free who hold individual control of all their faculties, unimpaired by fear or favor; and who act in whatever way, that promotes happiness and satisfies the beauty and glory of life. We do not seek the perfect, but the free.

2. We want happiness, and in its attainment desire to seek it with those who will, with us, make use of all the power they now or ever may possess, for that alone, without mental or material reservation. Those who would "keep back a part" are not wholly with us, and we cannot find happiness together. To us, happiness means the reciprocal conjunction of all the attributes of one person with those of others.

3. As the apple wants a place and conditions for its unfolding on the tree, so we want a place and conditions for human unfolding upon the planet; and as these conditions are essential with other things, so they are with us; and we want a place and conditions, associations, the former to be had as it can and the latter by attraction of similarities.

4. Humanity, unlike plants and animals, is not clothed with bodily protection; has reason, hands and the utilization of tools; and with these powers must build habitations, make clothes and procure food, or perish. Thus, with the plant, we want a habitation and the means of comfort and subsistence; and, as one-half of life is glowing beauty, so the place, habitation, clothes and food should be as equally beautiful as useful.

5. Plants unfold inspiringly, and animals can unfold instinctually; but humanity can only unfold by cultured means; and as science alone gives a way to culture, so we want all the processes of life to be guided by science.

Having now found out what we want, and what all persons like us only want, we next proceed with the plan of gratifying these wants:

1. We invite men and women, whose wants are the same as ours, to unite with us in attaining happiness; the home to be held in the name of the association, and all associates to be equal in possession, and equal in all privileges and benefits.

2. That all ownership shall be associative, and not integral; that each person can use an equal amount of the products of labor for individual use, and all else be provided associatively.

3. Believing that physical unfoldment is all-important to mental culture, we propose that the agricultural industries constitute the basis of sustaining life and providing the material elements for promoting happiness.

4. We propose that all associates live as one family, conforming to such rules of order as may be found necessary to insure harmony.

5. We propose that all persons, in harmonious association, will freely deliver to the common treasury all their material substance; and, in withdrawing, to receive back the value of the same, without interest or premium.

For any further illustration of our ideas, read the writings of Victoria C. Woodhull.

CENTRALIA, Ill., 1874.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA. GREETING.

LOCKHART, Ill., April 15, 1874.

Brothers and Sisters—We have run the gauntlet and still live. The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their Eighth Quarterly and Second Annual Meeting in Chicago, Illinois, at Crow's Opera House, 317 West Madison street, commencing on Friday, at 8½ o'clock, A. M., June 12, 1874, and continue over Sunday the 13th, a three days' meeting. We shall then meet under charter from the State of Illinois. All the members are requested to be present, as business of importance will come before the meeting, also election of officers for the coming year. There will be recitations of vast importance to Spiritualism to be considered. We cordially invite all Spiritualists, Mediums and speakers, as well as all others interested in the cause of humanity and truth to be with us at this our second annual meeting. Our platform is free and shall remain so for the discussion of all subjects germane to humanity, truth and progress, under strict parliamentary usage.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.

R. V. WILSON, Sec'y M. L. A. S.

We also give to the world the following statement, viz.: Whereas, following our Seventh Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, held in Chicago on the 11th, 12th and 13th of March, 1874, grave charges and accusations were made against us personally and collectively as a body, reflecting on our moral character, truthfulness, as well as social standing and position in society; Therefore, we challenge our accusers, who have maligned us through the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and other papers, to meet on public grounds in June, 1874, and prove those charges to be true; or, failing to do so, forever after be branded as liars, cowards and villains before the public, for we have deny before the world the truth of said charges and accusations. Truth is mighty and will prevail; though the heavens fall we will stand by our principles—equal rights, a free platform, the discussion of all truth—sincere ever to arrive at the highest.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.

R. V. WILSON, Sec'y.

SPIRIT TRANSLAT—John III., vol. 3.

The trend of a spirit to the earth-life by means of its taking control of a borrowed animate body, as a fact recognized by Jesus and used by him to illustrate his doctrine of entrance into the kingdom of God, is indicated by this erroneously translated and misinterpreted Greek sentence, namely: To person upon which just, but in person nature, although others put on, but not upon; some call you personages or in personation, being the eighth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel according to John. Who has not listened to a windy and meaningless sermon on this text? The preacher always supposing the word *spirit* was the properly translated word, and truly meant a wind from some one of the celestial police men, wind, north, south. Let this class of preachers come to understand the faith of Spiritualism; to verify its promises. The Master, whose disciples they pretend to be, taught the great and central fact of Spiritualism in the above Greek text, to wit: the spirit's power and communion with mortals. This is the cornerstone of the temple of Spiritualism. Let us examine this text as seen above in the original, and see whether we are safe in our assumptions.

The text shows that Jesus sought to indoctrinate Nicodemus concerning the operations and influences of a spirit—the spirit of a person who had departed this life—upon a person still dwelling in the material world and being in his natural body. Nowhere else in the New Testament, where to persons are so constantly translated *spirit* or *phant*, are we able to find in person rendered *spirit*. The proper Greek word for wind is *anemos*, and by no means whatever of Greek writers can the common version of the words in person be justified. Even in the Gospel, according to Matthew, sections 26 and 27 of chapter vii., where it is said "The winds blew," the word *anemos* is used. What evidence is here of the ignorance of the Commissioners of James concerning spiritual phenomena, and to what had translation had it led? The whole context shows that the word *person* was spoken of the soul or spirit of a man. It had been properly translated *spirit* by them just before, in verses five and six, and to be at all consistent, they should have rendered it *spirit* wherever used in the same immediate connection, or *spirit*; one or the other, all along through the dialogue.

The reader has seen that the same word in the Greek text above quoted, begins and ends the section. If in person, at the beginning, must be rendered wind, then too *person*, at the end, should also be rendered wind. It would seem, surely, that there can be no good reason for a different use of it in the same sentence. We will, therefore, and the sentence with the same word with which the common version begins it. To use all along the word *wind*, how absurd and ridiculous would be the rendering, may be seen thus: "Except a man be born of water and of wind he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God! That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind?"

In the sayings of Jesus in the memorable interview with him had by the cunning rabbi are contained the facts and philosophy of a most reasonable and satisfactory illustration, possible to all who ever inhabited the earth. Jesus teaches the spirit's return, but only through its incarnation of itself in the body of another person, to remain only for a limited period and for temporary purposes—a return through the flesh of another still animate in earth-life, and borrowed only for the occasion.

Nicodemus, no doubt, had some sense of incarnation, etc., which, to him, were impossible, and by him were set down as miracles. Jesus told him that a spirit was the producing cause of the phenomena which he had witnessed. Then, from which comes just, primarily signifies as breath, whether it be in a case of common respiration or of some peculiar inspiration or expiration—and the idea of Jesus, no doubt, was this: the spirit breathes into, or inspires, again, whenever person it wills or chooses to inspire, each must be the case nowadays with all susceptible media in our midst. Whatever, indeed, may have been the act of the spirit, whether entrancing, or controlling in some other manner, the person upon whom it chose to exercise its power, the result certainly was to make itself heard; almost, then, instant—and what is heard?—its spoken, its voice, its word, its language, its speech, its discourses. The spirit is not visible to the natural eye, and what is here affirmed of it is in harmony with its laws. We discern not its ingress or egress; not odors, then, does not behold; pulses, veins; arterial, it comes; but not, nor where; upshot, it departs. All this is plain to any one familiar with spirit phenomena.

Consolidating the above theme of interpretation, criticism and explanation, the following is a correct reading of the Greek of the celebrated wind text of the King's commission: "A spirit inspires whomsoever it will, and thus breathes its voice, but thou dost not behold whence it comes nor to what place it departs—as is the case of every one who is begotten of the spirit" (from on high).

This contribution of evidence, by Jesus, in the support of the grand idea of spiritualism, the continual and temporary incarnation of a spirit, in a borrowed mortal body, as a case of incarnation, is conclusive against the constant denial of churchmen that spirits ever return and speak concerning matters of spirit life; conclusive that a spirit, once individualized by an earth-life, may incarnate itself in the animate body of a person yet dwelling upon earth.—Dr. Horace Trimmer.

SPIRITUALISM—AN INDIGNANT OLD SPIRITUALIST AND FREE-LOVER.

Your article of this date, "The Necessity of a Radical Reform in Spiritualism," like many others upon the same subject published in the *Times*, is only remarkable for the entire absence of either justice or truth.

I have been an avowed spiritualist about eighteen years and a reader of the *Times* about ten or twelve years, therefore consider myself pretty well posted as regards the manner the *Times* has treated this subject. The fearless, independent manner that the *Times* treats the majority of subjects discussed in its columns deserves and no doubt renders much credit. But, sir, if you had been enjoying a Rip Van Winkle sleep the past twenty-five years, there might be some excuse for such an article appearing editorially in the *Times*, but under the circumstances, how shall we account for such an article? Let me examine your statements a little.

First. How did it happen that those scientific men and scientific thinkers, philosophers and wise men of the press (with a few glorious exceptions) ignored the phenomena called spiritual, and not only ignored the subject, but pronounced the whole thing a humbug, and that without any knowledge or investigation of the subject? Now, Mr. Editor, will you tell your readers what in your opinion, prevented the wise men mentioned in your article from investigating this subject twenty-five years or even twenty, or say fifteen years ago. Was it free love, Woodhullian, harlotry, or the mad-dog cry of private and public? Haven't you a faint recollection of the manner your leaders (wise men) have treated this subject for the past twenty-five years? Do you not well remember that when the hanging theory would not answer, the private set up the howl of devil, and proclaimed from pulpit and press that old man the devil, was at the bottom and had entire control of all media? Did not the pulpit and the press combined pronounce Edmonds, Haas, Davis, Brittan, Owen, Tuttle, Denison, Chase, Pierpont, Williams and Mary Howitt, Haasey and a thousand more greater or lesser liars, a pack of sticklers, humbugs, ignorant asses? And, sir, how long since have you ceased using the above epithets against these same persons? And are not, and were not, some of them scientists, philosophers and unscientific thinkers? Again, Mr. Editor, how much longer do you intend skepticism, infidelity, Free Religionism, Spiritualism and Free Love are going to support the press in its present attitude and entire demoralization? I can tell you—until we can have a free, just and truthful press, and not a moment longer. You, Mr. Editor, know just as well as I do (for you are not the ass your article suggests) that the above Free classes are the thinkers of this age; and, sir, they are, as a class, disgusted with the demoralization of the pulpit and press.

Second. Now, Mr. Editor of the *Times*, how many independent scientists and philosophers are there who have become cognizant of the phenomena of Spiritism, as you name it? And, sir, how many, except the Independent ones, do you think are bold enough to risk their reputation and bread and butter against the odds of this unscrupulous priesthood and press? Has the pulpit ever cringed to brand and blackball every new development under the sun, and so soon as it gained popularity claimed it as the offspring of their total depravity, immoderate corruption, Holy Ghost, divinely inspired humbug? And where is the secular press that has dared to expose this course against the freedom and advancement of our common humanity? And, sir, if the press dare not do this, how unscrupulous for you to raise the question: why don't the scientific men, the philosophers, the wise men, haruspices and give us the results of their search? And, finally, Mr. Editor, for you to answer the question by saying that they are deterred because free lovers, Woodhullians, and harlots believe, is, to say the least, very thin; and at the same time you designate this wing of Spiritualism as trouble, long-haired men, etc., etc. Isn't this placing a high estimate upon the character of those wise men and the subject to be investigated?

AN OLD SPIRITUALIST AND FREE-LOVER.

CHICAGO, March 27, 1874.

SPIRITUALISM IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 17, 1874.
 Editors of the Weekly.—Your article on "What is a Free paper," I think must meet the approval of all true friends of human progress, and of all who have the best interests of the cause at heart. If the article which you publish from Mr. Frank White is a sample of what you receive you are certainly justified in refusing them and still your paper is called a free paper. In this article it is not my purpose to notice him at all, but another person. Just at this particular time I feel that a brief review of the cause of Spiritualism in this place will be of interest to your readers, and that is my purpose in writing; but if I should, under the sting of the falsehoods and misrepresentations which he utters, be a little personal, remember the provocation. After the proceedings of the Chicago Convention became known, and the letter of Moses Hall was published which caused such a commotion among the self-righteous Spiritualists all over the country, such expressions as these were of very common occurrence here: "If that is Spiritualism I don't want anything to do with it!" and although they did not pass resolutions repudiating those proceedings as Spiritualists in other places did, it was evident that their disposition was good enough; for Moses, who was engaged to speak for us in October, had his engagement canceled, showing very plainly what the feeling among them was. One of them was building a large block, a portion of which he set apart to be used as a hall to hold Spiritualists' meetings in. As it approached completion it was thought advisable to organize, and measures were taken to do so under the laws of the State. During this time, and before the meeting for organization took place, it was thrown out that no one the least tainted with Woodhullism should hold any office in the organization; and some even went as far as to say, that if Miss Jenny Leya (who does not submit to be married) had not been engaged a long time in advance, her engagement would be canceled, at any rate if she had not been engaged, she would not receive a call to come here, as she was tainted with the "abominable doctrine."

All this is history and will not be disputed. The society organized under the name of the First Free Religious Society of Springfield, and strangers and Spiritualists in the city looking among the Sunday notices to find where Spiritualists' meetings were held, were at a loss to find any; for the Sunday notices of the "Free Religious Society," read as follows: "Preaching by N. Frank White, at half past two and seven o'clock, Sabbath school and bible class at one P. M.," which was hardly the kind of notice to attract Spiritualists. Some of us felt that to make the notice complete another line should be added, as follows: "The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered immediately after the close of divine service. Such a notice it was thought might tickle the palate of the blindest advocate of an angry God and a burning hell."

Some of us who had suffered rebuke and reproach for principle's sake did not feel like seeing the spiritual flag thus trampled in the mud, and we took it up and called it aloft once more; and after our first Sunday announcement appeared, a very perceptible flutter was noticed among the "Free Religiousists," which caused a very marked change in their programme, and their Sunday notices afterward read as follows: "The Spiritualists and Liberalists of the Free Religious Society, of Liberty Hall, etc.; and now Free Religion is gone entirely by the board and their notices read, 'The Spiritualists of Liberty Hall, etc.' This also is history as our own city papers will testify; and if our movement were to die right here and never accomplish anything further, it would certainly die an honorable death, for it has taught them not to be ashamed of Spiritualism and to stand by its flag, however short some may come of attaining to that false standard of respectability which is the curse of the world."

Spiritualists ought to know that there is no such thing as "vicious amusement"—that every one must stand or fall by their own actions. It seems to me if they could realize this they would not be afraid of "side issues" or anything else, and they would have charity enough to accept the good and true, and reject the false, let it come from whence it may and through whom it may, and if Spiritualists here or anywhere else feel like surrendering their flag to Free Religion or any other religion, because some, according to their phantasmal notions, are not quite as good and pure as they esteem themselves to be, they will find themselves mistaken; for there are a few here at least who do not propose to see it so faulted, and if any doubt exists as to their ability to keep it floating in the breeze, they mistake very much the character of the persons engaged in the movement.

Now that our friends of Liberty Hall have seen the folly of their course and repented of the error of their ways, and no one hereafter will have any difficulty in finding where Spiritualists' meetings are held, we extend the right hand of fellowship and wish them success, for there is room enough and Spiritualists and Liberalists enough here to support two societies handily, if they had the disposition. Since the flag of Spiritualism now floats to the breeze over Liberty Hall, and they hire speakers that will not submit to be married, we feel that if we knew how to die, we might do so with a good grace, but as we don't know how, we don't propose to do any such thing. And here perhaps I ought to stop; but I feel that a few words more yet remain to be said. There has been "a kernel of purity and truth" here, at least that is what he calls himself in the Springfield Republican, who has undertaken to defend the course of the Free Religious Society. He says they are not ashamed of Spiritualism and have never changed their name, but took the name of Free Religion in order to broaden their platform, so as to admit such persons as Horace Weaver and C. C. Burleigh; just as though the Spiritualist platform was not broad enough. I have always supposed it broad enough not only for such persons, but persons like the late Elder Knapp and Robert E. Fulton, if they would consent to listen half the time, but as the latter will not do this the platform is not so fault, nor too narrow to receive them. He also put me in possession of a great many facts that I have nothing about; he speaks of Channing Barnes—purposely for effect. It is the first time I

know of his applying for the hall. Thomas Cook, whom from my limited acquaintance with him, I should judge to be an educated Spiritualist and a gentleman, and who gave as good a lecture as I ever listened to in Liberty Hall, told me he engaged the hall every evening for one or two weeks, when not otherwise engaged, at a price not to exceed \$2 per night, for heating and lighting, and was astonished when told that he could not have the key without paying \$5 in advance every evening. My first reply to this "kernel of purity and truth" was sent to the Banner with the request to return it if not published; but it was neither published nor returned. The one published in the WEEKLY, was written several weeks later, and possibly some things were added which explain dates. What he says about "ignoring," he knows is incorrect and if he would take off his "green goggles" he would admit it. This "kernel of purity and truth," also talks about "fictitiousness" and "sustenance," but if we are to judge people by the company they keep, one might suppose that he had not yet learned the meaning of those words. His threat at the treasurer is without any cause, and no foundation in fact. In the first place, no money was put into his hands or offered to him for two weeks after it had been received by the collector, which he thought "shabby treatment;" then when it was offered him, with the request that he sign a receipt, while the collector and he kept a memorandum, he took it as no insult. His snarl for fling at my liberality is easily explained. In consequence of an attempt on the part of the queen of the Spiritualists here, nearly two years ago, to displace me from a position that I had always held, I told her legs that I should never give or subscribe another cent in support of public speaking while she remained queen. From this spread the report that a large amount stands against my name, which I will not pay, and that I never did pay anything of any amount toward supporting the meetings. However, since that time or before, I am willing to compare notes with the "generous-hearted" and see which gives the most to advance the cause in different ways.

In conclusion, if this "solid kernel of truth and purity" will produce one Spiritualist that will say I have falsified the truth; and prove it, I will produce ten that will say I have not; or if he will produce one here that will say he has not falsified the truth, I will produce ten that will say he has, and prove it.

Yours, for the truth and right, though the heavens fall.

F. R. LADD.

TAKING THE INITIATIVE.

We warned the ladies of San Francisco some time ago, that the evil of intemperance in dress had assumed such gigantic proportions that the men were about to move in the matter, and that praying hands composed of earnest men, led by pious preachers, intended to visit the dry goods and millinery establishments of this city, and pray at the proprietors until they promised to give up their unduly traffic. The ladies are determined to take this reform into their own hands before the men are driven to such extremities. The Bulletin says:

"A meeting is appointed for all who are interested in the subject of dress reform for women, to meet in Anthony's Hall, 417 Bush street, opposite the California Theatre, on Monday afternoon, April 6. The ladies will meet at 2 o'clock promptly, and the gentlemen at 3 o'clock. A company of ladies have commenced the agitation of this subject by calling around this little nucleus all who are interested in this great work. There is, no doubt, a great chance for improvement in this dress business, as fashions and husbands can well testify, but the work of bringing it about will be very laborious."

Women's dress in America is clumsy, unwholesome, expensive, and in many cases indecent. The only smoothly-dressed women in San Francisco are the Chinese, who wear comfortable loose wrappers and loose pants. No Chinaman, as far as we have heard, objects to his wife wearing breeches; and we do not see why a Caucasian should object, if she pleases to do so. Pants can be made as graceful and becoming for women as men, and after she has got rid of all those superfluous petticoats which now encumber her movements, will be made more fit to take her part in the duties of life. There is no necessity for the immense number of articles of clothing which women wear. There is no reason why she should wear a greater number than a man does. The dress of the present day may be reformed and still remain womanly and pretty. There is too much of it, and it costs too much.

Any dress reform which has for its object the dressing of all women alike, like convicts or soldiers, must fail. Only general principles can be laid down, and each woman must be left to decide in the manner which she considers most becoming. Fashion is a tyrant from whose power many a woman would gladly emancipate herself. If it can only once become "the fashion" to dress simply and respectably, the reform will progress rapidly. The present dresses are not the most expensive. It is the form of woman's garments that needs to be changed, not the material. Something like pants must form a portion of the reform dress, or it will be no reform at all. We are glad that the ladies have made a commitment in this much-needed reform, and hope the press will encourage them in their good work, though dry goods stores advertise liberally—their large profit they make out of the follies of women enabling them to do so.—San Francisco Figure.

CLAIMS.

The belief that the maladies [by which poor humanity is tormented are removable without the intervention of drug or doctor, has obtained in all ages and in all countries; the savage and the civilized alike have had, we might say still have, immense faith in the power of sundry charms of a more or less ridiculous nature. Philosopher though he were, Bacon himself, not, it must be owned, without signs of misgiving, testified in their favor, writing: "I had from my childhood a vert upon one of my fingers,

afterward, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least an hundred) in a month's space; the English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstitious, told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and melted the warts all over with the fat side, and among the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she called the piece of lard, with the fat toward the sun, upon a part of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was, that within four weeks' space all the warts went away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company; but at the last I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again, but the going of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me." We might put down the cure to the credit of the lard, but Bacon goes on: "They say the lard is done by rubbing of warts with a green alder stick, and then burying the stick in rot in muck," and we remember trying that charm most triumphantly in our boyhood, but we were taught to notch the stick before casting it away. A writer in *Notes and Queries* tells of a relative troubled with thirty-two warts on one hand and two on the other, who tried the elder charm upon the worst hand, and got rid of the thirty-two, while the pair she had omitted to charm remained to plague her, and when she sought to remedy her fault by going through the ceremony again she found it futile; "the charm would seem to have been broken by her failing of it." Another correspondent of *Notes and Queries* writes: "Twenty-five years ago there resided at the little village of Ferry Hockney, near Oxford, an old woman who had a great reputation for charming warts. Being at that time a lad, and much troubled with such excrescences, one of which was as large as a four-penny piece, I was recommended to pay the old lady a visit. With fear and trembling I entered her little den; and after being interrogated as to the number of warts upon my person, a small stick was produced, upon which certain notches were cut, a cross having been first slightly imprinted on the larger wart; the old lady then retired into her garden to bury the stick, and I was dismissed. From that day my troublesome and unsightly warts began to crumble away, and I have never been troubled since."—*Chamber's Journal*.

[From the Baltimore American.]

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN VIENNA.

A man's wealth is often estimated in Vienna by the number of mistresses he keeps, and the magnificence of their equipages, diamonds and dresses. There is no city in the world, not even Paris, that can rival the metropolis of Austria in these respects, and there is a universality of sentiment that is quite remarkable. There are no establishments in Vienna like those which have proved such a nuisance to the officers of the Kansas School District of Baltimore, for the reason that professionals of that class do not exist there.

There are, in short, no dancing courtesans in Vienna, as are to be seen on the streets of Paris, or even New York or Baltimore. Where virtue is such a rarity, there is no opportunity for making a specialty of vice, and it has no special locality. In this respect Vienna would appear to be the most virtuous place more from this species of social evil than any other large city in the world; but a visit to the foundling hospital, where there is an average of about forty infants received daily, or the general hospital, where its illegitimate births average about thirty a day, shows the prevalence of Vienna over all other cities in the world.

There are twenty thousand soldiers always in the city, mostly young men from the provinces, who could not marry if they could, and would not if they could. They have no money to support a wife, and without have money sufficient to pay the church charges for the performance of the marriage ceremony. They can be seen in crowds with the young girls on the Ringstrasse and Prater. They form attachments, but are never expected to marry. Their example is followed by the young men in other walks in life, and I am assured there are fewer marriages in Vienna than in almost any other city of one-third the population. There seems to be no attempt made by the authorities or by the church to remedy this evil, which has become so universal that—among the laboring classes especially—there are few mothers that have husbands.

EPIDEMIC DELUSIONS.

"Epidemic Delusions" is a book by Dr. Frederic R. Martin and from the publishing house of A. S. Barnes, No. 39 City street, New York. The book is beautifully written and the argument is pleasantly conversational, but the scientific value of the book is equivalent to none. Dr. Martin is a good poet but he is a poor philosopher. He evidently does not understand his subject. He claims Spiritualism with enthusiasm and superciliousness, and this shows himself as a charlatan. Dr. Martin had better stick to the meter and let the spirits alone. He is Professor of Psychological Medicine in the New York Free Medical College for Women.

We wonder what sort of a pandemonium of psychology a man can be who denies the existence of a soul and its immortality, and actually closes a review before a crowded house with such words as "All hail, manifestation! we greet thee with gratitude, O Fortegutfulness!" How with his own blindness and perversion, when from a "wonder at the common-lead he looks down on one's green shroud who, led by such leaders as he is, are we meeting further and further from the truth. We have a "wonder further and further." We are rather pleased that "wonder words for the eye it easily illustrates the weak sense of both the materialistic and the Christian position," and there but heart Spiritualism, which is belied upon a rack.

That the *Banner* may live many years and write better books than this is the prayer of its reviewers.

D. DOUGLASS.

We think, therefore, that we were correct when we said that the theory (of evolution) goes rather to substantiate the materialistic view, than otherwise, because the overthrow of a personal God, the creating genius of the universe and the remanding of all power back to matter, is virtually materialism, subject only to the distinctions to which we have referred above. It is almost universally acknowledged that the tendency of scientific investigation of the last quarter of a century have been evidently in the direction of materialism; and it is only a few writers of the school in which Francis Bacon belonged, who have endeavored to counteract this tendency, and to show the fallacy and fallacy of a materialistic theory. We may have failed clearly to

state the whole inference in the particular sentence quoted by our correspondent, but elsewhere, in the article from which it is extracted, it is evidently held that the "concepts" meant is the unity of method rather than that of absolute identity. If we were to state our highest conception of this point, we should say that spirit and matter are the two opposites, which together form what we know as God; and this is doubtless the point which our correspondent thinks was not clearly stated—and which "is quite a different matter."

Investigations into primordial conditions are necessarily a priori. We are obliged to take facts as we find them and follow them backward. We cannot look backward to the beginning as the Bible pretends to do, and find a creating point from which to start and follow matter down through its various gradations and changes. To do this, would be originally to assume something arbitrarily, which from its nature would be impossible of verification. If, therefore, we find that the highest form of organized matter were made possible only by and through various previous integrations and disintegrations; if by geological and biological investigation it is found that organic life were possible only after various epochs of inorganic life, and that there were several periods of this sort of life—various strata and formations—it seems impossible not to conclude that all of these are but successors to a primal organization of two different elements; or to dissimilar movements set up in the different parts of the same common element.

Undoubtedly the next question is, of what is matter composed? But here the realm of speculation must be entered. There is nothing to resolve except the elements and the forces that moved them. In this is hidden the solution of the only problem to be solved that can determine absolutely which is the dominant part of the whole—whether it is force or matter. But it is not probable that the origin of organization is contradictory to all its experiences. The fact that we cannot investigate beyond the original unity of two elements or the different action of the same element, should be no bar to the acceptance of what is legitimately to be drawn from the facts of evolution, from that point upward to man. From a condition where matter was without "form and void," or where space was filled with a common element, there are known laws by which various theories may be and are built up, and which may ultimately be so logically deduced as to bear the stamp of self-evidence; but when an attempt is made to determine the composition of matter itself, the realm of the infinite is invaded, in which nothing except infinite comprehension is capable of self-evident statement.

It is not evident, then, that a knowledge of the constitution of primal elements is necessary to a true theory of evolution. It is sufficient for a theory if the law that governs the movements of matter is discovered, without going so far backward as to ask whether matter is self-existent or was created. It might as consistently be held that there can be no true theory about any of the special facts of existence without a knowledge of the origin of the matter involved in the existence, as it is to hold the same of the general theory of evolution. At least it seems so to us.

We do not see that it would be any more difficult to conceive of "living protoplasm," evolving from so-called non-living matter, than it is to conceive of a higher kingdom as evolving from a lower, of the animal kingdom following after, as a result of, the vegetable kingdom. The difficulty is to imagine that there is a difference, in fact, in the "living" life in "living protoplasm" and in the life in "non-living matter," and the only way in which this difficulty can be removed, is to take the common-sense view, that all life, as well as all matter, was originally homogeneous. Nobody disputes the fact that the same matter of which the animal is composed once formed a part of the lower kingdoms. Is it any more difficult to conceive, indeed does it not follow as a necessity, that the same is true of the life of the animal?

The real difficulty then is to conceive of dead matter and of motionless matter. Where there is no motion there is death; and we all know well enough that there is no such thing as death absolutely; that which is called death being change merely. Change is a necessity of evolution and is the only evidence of life. Change is the evidence of the existence of force, and if there ever was a time when there was absolutely no change then there was a time when there was no existence, because an existence of which there is no evidence is non-existence. To conceive of such a state, and of a change from that to motion and life is to make that change "the Creation." It is impossible then, consistently, to imagine a time when life and motion were imparted to dead matter, and at the same time to deny the existence of a personal God who created the world out of nothing by His almighty fiat.

Now form is the result of the movements in matter. Matter does not change, except through new integration to constitute new forms. Form, then, is the expression of matter. Is it any more difficult to think that thought is the result of the movements in the life of matter, is the expression of that life made possible through the various organizations of matter, than it is to conceive what we know about matter *per se*? If thought does not evolve it is self-existent, and works upon matter for the formation of methods through which to express itself. In other words, if thought is not the result of evolution among the elements of life, then it is the creative God. We have no proof—there can be no proof—that this is true; but the evidence is that expression and form accompany each other, neither being

the result of the other, but both being results of the persistent action of force, or of the life contained in all matter in common. The substance of a given thought is the same that composed various previous and lower forms of thought, the same as higher forms of matter are composed of various lower and previous forms of matter. It seems to us that to accept one is to receive the other, while to deny one would be to deny both. Both thought and form are the results of the action of force upon or in matter, neither created by the other, nor either dependent upon the other as separate entities; but dependent upon that to which a prior investigation leads, which is incapable of further resolution by analysis—that force and matter, "without form and void," which so far as we can now determine, scientifically, was the beginning, but which we know was not the beginning, because matter then existed and was acted upon by force. These two persistent elements of the experiences of the universe are found in existence. They give us no solution from whence they came or by what command; but with them, there are theories established which consistently account for all the facts of the past and present, and from which all that may occur in the future is possible of being foreshadowed.

This is a subject which requires careful thought—more exact than can be bestowed upon it during the hurry and bustle consequent upon a lecture tour; and if the ideas are incompletely advanced or explained we shall hope by further and sterner consideration to make our position clear ultimately. Meanwhile we court criticism generally.

REVOLTING REVELATIONS.

The English papers teem with leaders and letters on the subject of the best method to be followed for the purpose of checking the crime of infanticide in that country. The difficulty appears to be that Mr. Bull cannot yet strike out a plan by which he can at once protect the children and diminish the crime. As to fulfill both these requirements is a manifest impossibility, our transatlantic brethren and sisters usually come to no conclusion upon the subject. At a late meeting an advertisement proposed the establishment of foundling hospitals with revolving baskets, similar to the one we lately had in New York, but the idea was vetoed, "because such humane contrivances," it was asserted, "tended to increase immorality." The meeting forgot that the lack of them "tended to increase murder." But the true reason, it is surmised, is, not that they would increase immorality, but that they would increase the poverty, which is a crime even worse than murder in that pauper-ridden country. The bewilderment, monotony, of poor Mr. Bull continues to increase in a manner which, if it were not horrible, would be ridiculous. He appears to be lost as to what should be done in the crisis, as Mr. Toote was when the question was put to him, "Sir, in case of a war with Russia, what are you to do with your raw recruits?" It is a pity that Mr. Bull is not a cannibal. Mr. Toote's answer follows so readily, "Cook 'em, sir, cook 'em!" It will be remembered that Dean Swift solved a difficulty, in the case of Irish babies, in a similar manner. But we respectfully inform Mr. Bull that the WEEKLY does not endorse any such suggestion, for there is a diabolical doubt, that in his present state of excitement, he might be induced by us to carry into effect so very practical a solution of his present dilemma.

One would naturally suppose that under such awful exposures as have lately taken place England would be inclined to follow the example of the principal cities of the continent of Europe, in some of which the crime of infanticide (if not of suicide) is almost unknown. Their system is simple; it is merely to provide houses for all destitute infants. This may not agree with British political economy, but it is not bad Christianity. It really ought to be adopted in Great Britain for statistical reasons. It is important that the world should know the minimum of milk which will sustain life in a baby, and also whether some artificial food could not be manufactured which, at a still lower cost, would support infant existence. In a country which takes nearly bounds that it feeds its paupers at less cost than its criminals, we might hope to obtain a correct conclusion as to that matter. But the subject is too fearful for ridicule or even contempt, and that it is so let the following statement, which is taken from a London paper, prove:

"In foundling hospitals a very large proportion of the children brought in are well known to be the offspring of married persons. Not a few were deserted at the London establishment by night, by pervert offspring; but many more by married couples who had no money on their hands as they would provide for. We need not dwell the disfigurement of our law and police courts for the last twenty years to see how little can be done by our associations which condemn its regards to illegitimate children and their mothers. There is also the abuse of burial clubs, so fearfully revealed a dozen years ago, and impressed on us by the trial and execution of parents to more than one family in England; criminals only too truly regarded as specimens of an order grown up under the shadow of an evil principle, viz.: that of taking the death and not the life of the children. There are the pawnshops, whole units of which are discovered from time to time, sometimes in our less prosperous towns, but oftener in the remotest country districts, where the depressed rural class seem to be only half alive in body and mind, and susceptible to animal and devilish propensities and crimes accordingly. Now in our eastern counties, now on the south coast, now in banks and districts, where intelligence scarcely penetrates, cases far up which appeal the judges on the bench and present the jury—cases of the mothers of many infants in the world. There are women in many parts of England who will do the job for cottage mothers as well as for perjured maid-servants. Then there are the cases of the heartily over-driven wife who has had before her the fearful alternative of smothering her infant's life or her own, which latter

would probably involve that of the other children. As soon as she is up from her smothering she must go out and work and get food for the babies. She leaves her infant in hands in which it is sure to die; to die of improper food, drugs and neglect. The mother knows it will die, and is relieved when it is gone; and she has no pain of conscience, because she knows she could not do otherwise than commit this child-murder. Her husband cannot, will not, or does not support the other children; she cannot even complain to the magistrates of his not doing it; the workhouse is not open to them while the father lives at home. She has to choose between them and the baby, and the baby naturally chooses the doom. Then again, midwives, as well as half-educated parents, are positive that infants "are better off with the Lord," and are quite over about sparing them the pains of a hard and troublesome life."

But there is another and, if possible, still more frightful view of this Gethsemane. It is, alas! not confined to Great Britain. Fearful revelations of the class of crimes alluded to have been exhibited in the New York papers of the past year. The whole subject is monstrous—it is a pit of horror. The questions under it ought speedily to be faced, by true men and women of all classes, both here and there. It is certain we are far less guilty than Great Britain, where the systematic oppression of the laboring classes has culminated in murders whose numbers may be guessed at but can hardly be computed. Sufficient reasons, we might almost say in some instances excesses, are given in the photo-abstract to partially justify present in lines of protracted suffering. "The mother knows it will die, and is relieved when it is gone; and she has no pain of conscience, because she knows that she could not do otherwise than commit child-murder." Such is the picture of the condition of humanity in the richest country in creation. Surely there can be no lower earthly condition for a nation than that in which mothers are compelled by want to slaughter their own offspring; and yet, on its own showing, such is the case of Great Britain.

THEOLOGICAL OR CREDAL MADNESS.

An eminent Scotch surgeon, Dr. Abercrombie, on being called on to testify in a case involving the subject of the lunacy of Miss B., a testator, in reply to the question as to whether he considered her of sound mind, replied, "No; he did not believe that any human being was sane on all subjects; that sanity in mankind was comparative only." Whether this doctrine be correct or not, one thing is proven by history, that the most fruitful source of absolute madness in all countries is certainly what is called religion. We present the following record case to point our remarks upon it:

A singular mania has broken out among the colored people of this city. Religious revivals of the most exciting character have been going on in the churches for some time past, and the colored people generally have become so "warmed" that in many cases their condition naturally presents a state of positive lunacy. The same disorder broke out in Kentucky a few years ago, and was called by the medical men "the Kentucky jerk." That it is a disease is very sure. Yearling among the churches in the upper portion of the city were reported with chronic, gross and scandalous profligacy about midday, in front of the Harrison-street colored school, a scene took place which defies description. Perhaps one hundred children, from eight to fifteen years of age, were crowded in a room of about twenty feet square, all repeating the same formula, all making the same gestures, all using the same tone of voice. Mothers were holding a high carnival of matches, and discipline was lost in chaotic frenzy. The giddy mass surged either and yon, when teachers, who were completely overcome and lost their self-control, children to come to their studios, but they might as well have talked to the wild waves of the sea when the storm king held his scepter. Higher and higher ran the tumult, till physical exhaustion brought relief alike to the perplexed teacher and overwrought child.

We feel real anxiety concerning the result of this extraordinary exhibition in our city. Without doubt much good will be done by the mothers, while the mental power of the children will be injured for life. Epileptics are thrown away, and, worse than all, so many minds are so weak that they cannot be brought to a normal state.

In many respects the disease resembles the terrible visitation which came over Naples in the seventeenth century, when St. Vitus or St. John's dance took the form of an epidemic and spread over the whole city—Petersburg, Va., Nov. 1846.

It is the belief of the WEEKLY that all religions which profess to deal in a knowledge of the Deity and celestial genealogies are more or less absurdities. The churches are the spirit of dogmatic of the people. Some not only make kind of statement, make all. In the Protestant churches you can get any kind you prefer, from the small heresies of Episcopalianism to the whist of Methodism or the tag of Mormonism. Catholicism keeps a variety and reproduces its goods according to the demand of the applicant. The Catholicism of a Lord Baltimore is a very different thing from the Catholicism of a Torquemada. To the educated it is an easy-fitting garment which can be casually worn, but to the uneducated it is the straitest of strait jackets, and is tightened according to the ignorance or superstition of the worshiper. We do not condemn any faith that is real, we only object to sham. All religions have done and are doing their work, when people become more developed they will fall away into dust. They are doing so now. Spirituality may be said to be under a new dispensation, although that term is not strictly accurate, for the movement of them have dispensed with dispensations and are in a state of spiritual freedom. Next come the Frothingtons and Bunchers and their followers, who manufacture their creeds as they go. Like Mohammed they assume to get their inspirations direct whenever they need them. If the Bible displeases them they quote it and condemn it, as the pastor of Plymouth did a few Sundays ago, when he called the sermon on the Mount, ironically, "a previous dispensation." These cannot be called spiritual instructors, though they merit the name "heretics," that is, "changers." After these come,

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

HOW GADSDY KEPT HOUSE WHILE HIS WIFE WENT CRUISING.

Learning that Gadsdy's wife had become a leading emotional force in the crusade party, leaving her husband in charge of home affairs, I took time one afternoon to call on him; and I may as well confess, now that I am out of his hearing, that it was purely a motive of curiosity that led me to Gadsdy's house on this occasion. I was attracted thither by an uncontrollable desire to see how a poor, home-limp, suffering man would manage a family of eight or nine children. How he would manage, such, restrain, admonish, control them, feed them and wash them up in a way they should go. He met me at the door, and I immediately perceived by the signs of delight which shone in his eye that he was glad to see a familiar face.

"Well, well," said he, "really I am overjoyed to see you. Come in, come in; haven't seen a soul before in three weeks. Sorry, though, only half of us is at home. Very sorry—sorry on your account. Fast is, Brown—here, Emeline Bell, take Mr. Brown's hat—fast is, my wife is not in. A glance at the surroundings of this interior will prove sufficiently to you that no gentle woman lends her cheering influence here. With is out in town to-day—Louschamphair's or some where—started promptly on time as usual early this morning. She is out doing what little she can in her feeble way, poor thing, to plug the wheels of the social juggernaut. Samantha, daughter, bring the shoe brush and dust a chair for Mr. Brown. Where's how the dust flies. There, that's better. Now, Brown, do take this arm-chair and make yourself easy; may as well be comfortable when you can. I do so like to see people comfortable. Well, as I was about to say, wife has been out battling manfully against the accursed rum traffic now going on seven weeks, regular and—"

"And meantime," interrupted I, "you have the supervision of affairs in the house, and look after the children."

"Supervision? Well, yes, exactly. I am throwing in a few endowments in that line. Am doing something in— Only look at that child. Buddy, give me that poker. No, I don't want the window sash. You have fixed windows enough already. Here! sit down here. There! now fish away in that ash-pan and be quiet for one minute, will you?"

"That baby," resumed Gadsdy, "is insane on fixing things. He never rests from his labor of repairs to this house. Look behind you at these windows—scarcely a whole pane to be found. See the array of old hats and things that I have crammed into the rack, and only look at the wall paper where he has skinned it off until the walls resemble the ruin of a palace of circus hills. I tell you, Brown, the very old boy is in that hot box of ours. But, let me see. Where was I? Yes, I am supervising things here. I rather like that word, it is so fitting; doing things in an amateur way toward housekeeping. You remember the story of the man in Arkansas, how he kept hotel? Well, I am keeping house something as he kept tavern. I am a feeble imitator of the man in Arkansas. I am doing my levelled to keep the house from going to the dickens; but it will go there in the long run. It is bound to go there, in spite of my administrative ability."

"Do I understand you to say," I ventured to inquire, "that you are taking care of the house and all these children without other help?"

"Certainly! That's just what I am doing. I am devoting my whole time to it, giving the matter my exclusive personal attention. Why, bless me, yes! You see, we fell out about a servant—I mean we disagreed. Wife wanted me to get—"

"Hello! what's that? Don't you smell fire, Brown?"

"Yes," said I, "something burns. There it is! Gadsdy—"

"It's the baby—the baby's clothes are on fire!"

"Why, Buddy, what in this world! Never mind—don't cry. It's all out. There! Tush—there! Now who would have thought there was fire in that ash-pan? Such a thing never occurred to me. There! N-e-r-v-e mind! Want down! Want to go to Charlotte Ann! Well, take him, my daughter. There—go to Charlotte Ann."

"Yes," Gadsdy went on, "she wanted me to get a black woman, old Aunt Linda, to come and look after things and do the cooking. Well, to tell the truth, old Aunt Linda isn't any too honest; and, besides, the children don't like her, and so I suggested that we get the white girl who formerly lived at Smith's and wants a place. She is an excellent girl; honest as the day's long and neat as wax. But, no; wife wouldn't listen to the proposition, and would have old Aunt Linda or nobody. I can't understand why she should be so set in her ways. Can't fathom her motives in the matter but, at any rate, I took the other alternative. I took nobody, and here I am sole supervisor of this menagerie, supreme controller of the outfit, master of the ranch, and when—"

Gadsdy's attention was here drawn to the movements of the twins, who, by means of some twine, appeared to be making up a sort of lightning express train by coupling the ears together by their tails, but the father had an injunction on the train and it failed to go out on the regular run.

"Now, Herbert Spencer, and you, John Stewart Mill, just undo those extra this moment. This moment! What is the earthly use in tugging up these cats in that snail way! It does seem that you are trying to drive your father into a mad-house. There! Now turn those cats out-door and march yourselves off into the kitchen. Hoot! No words to me, March, I say!"

"Those twins are more bother to me than all the other children put together."

"I say, Brown, when you consider how short a time I have been engaged in this work, I think you will find that I am doing about as well as can be expected. I am by no means perfect in it. Of course not. You cannot reasonably expect a man to make a situation like this in seven weeks. Really I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. At first I didn't like it, didn't regard it my duty, and undertook to express my views on the subject to Maria; but, Lord bless you, she talked me right down! You know how she

can talk on temperance and women's rights and the franchise and things when she warms to the subject a little. Why, that woman talks to me like a father, as it were. She is merely a mother, you understand, but she talked to me like a father, and the result was I became a convert to her ideas at once, as I always do after listening to one of her overwhelming speeches. Then I settled down to my work and went at it with a will—went at it with as much dead earnestness as if I were going to take a drink."

At this juncture there was a crashing noise in the adjoining room as of broken glass, and soon Samantha peered through the door to say that "Herbert Spencer had gone and broke mother's bottle of rheumatic liniment and spilled it all over things."

"Yes!" exclaimed Gadsdy, "I knew it. I knew that liniment would go. Well, when your mother comes home with her rheumatism in her knee joints there will be lively times in this house; that's all. There will be a storm in this locality that Old Probabilities hasn't got down in his chart. You couldn't have broken the clock, or some furniture, or a looking glass! No; you must break the liniment bottle and shatter your father's piece of mind for the next month to come. You couldn't have gone out in the yard and chopped down a few trees, or killed the sparrows, or sewed the hankers out of the porch railing! Of course not. There is no amusement which is comparatively innocent that will satisfy you. Don't too-hoo round here. It's not less we want; it's liniment. Hold on, Brown! You are not going!"

"Yes," said I, "I must be off. I have an engagement in town set for five o'clock. I merely dropped in for an hour to see if there was anything I could do for you. Well, good by, God. Good by, old fellow."

"No—but hold on, Brown; won't you stay for tea?"

"No, I can't possibly. You must excuse me to-day. Good afternoon."

And I was off.

I have given only the most prominent incidents which happened in this bedlam during my stay. There were many, very many of these minor joys that sweeten and flavor domestic life, which came under my observation, and which need not be told. I have not time nor space to narrate these. The public is now, I believe, willing to admit that, before his conversion, John Allen was the wickedest man. And only a day or two ago we read in the newspapers of one who is the meanest man; but if you have not fully settled upon a candidate and should be called upon for a verdict as to who is the most patient man—won't you please vote for Gadsdy!

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN FREE PRESS LEAGUE.

The list of officers of the above-named organization, as published by us May 2 was incomplete. We give the corrected list below:

President—Dr. M. Allen, R. L. O. Allen, No. Newbury, Ohio.

Treasurer—Dr. R. T. Hall, Florence Heights, N. J.; Dr. Mary B. Latta, New Bedford, N. J.

Recording Secretary—O. F. Shepard, Vineland, N. J.; Basil R. Tucker, New Bedford, Mass.

Corresponding Secretary—Mary E. Tilton, Vineland, N. J.

Vice-Presidents: For Ohio—Dr. Thos. W. Organ, M. S. Severance, Palmyra, N. Y.

For Vermont—Dr. Martha Williams, W. V. Hardy, Concord.

For Maine—Seward Mitchell, Cornville; Emeline A. Prescott, North Vassilboro.

For District Columbia—Dr. Mary E. Walker, J. W. Bell, Washington.

For Pennsylvania—Dr. R. Garret, Mrs. Carver Taylor, Phila.

For Delaware—Dr. Mary B. Reid, Dr. Passy Reid, Wilmington.

For Virginia—Sarah L. Tibbatts, J. Q. Hensch, Manchester.

For New York—Dr. L. A. Stroobinger, Cortland.

For Massachusetts—Dr. N. A. Vihbert, Somerville.

For Michigan—Lamilla F. Stegeman, Albert Stegeman, Allegan.

For Illinois—Stella Bailey, W. C. Elrod, Waukegan.

For Iowa—Werner Boecklin, Cornelia Boecklin, Burlington.

For Missouri—A. W. St. John, Mrs. St. John, Carthage.

For Kansas—J. H. Cook, Dr. Frank Cook, Columbus.

For California—Sarah Michener, James Michener, San Jose.

For Rhode Island—Mrs. C. M. Puckham, Providence.

PEARLS FROM THE SEA OF THOUGHT.

BY LAURA CUPPE SMITH.

"All the virtues are means and ends; and if we hinder their tendency to growth and expansion, we both destroy them as virtues and degrade them to the rank of species of corruption, reserved for the most sordid organizations. For instance, non-intervention in the affairs of neighboring States is a high political virtue; but non-intervention does not mean passing by on the other side when your neighbor falls among thieves—or Pharisæism would recover it from Christianity."—E. R. Broomfield.

"Surely, if the cross says anything, it says that apparent defeat is real victory, and that there is a heaven for those who have nobly and truly failed on earth."—Robertson.

"In this world there is one God-like thing, the essence of all that ever was or ever will be of God-like in this world: the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men."—Thomas Carlyle.

"The wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by."—Bede.

"Heaven is not separated from temporal life by an abyss that in death we must overleap; heaven begins immediately when we first feel impelled for the redemption of the Sinner."—Bismarck.

"Would you make yourself dear to every house you enter: form the habit of fortitude, and all your kindred will bless your face for its own benediction."—A. G. Bartol.

"There is no kind of sin
Told in the earth to sleep;
No guilt, or grief, or heaped afflict,
By which I stand and weep."

"Not they, but what they were
'Went to the house of fear;
They were the incorruptible,
They left corruption here."

—Philo Cery.

"Tis a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet words are not deeds."

—Shakespeare.

"There is no man of so discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tunable disposition may not strike harmony."—Sir Thomas Browne.

"Between the heavens and the earth a glad, sparkling world stretched out its most wings and lived, like myself in the presence of the Infinite Father, and from all nature around us flowed sweet, powerful tones, as from evening bells."—Jean Paul Richter.

"Life's harvest reap, like the wheat's fruitful ear."—Mrs. Jenness.

"He who agrees with himself agrees with others."—Goethe.

WHERE IS COMSTOCK?

There is work for this tool of the Young Men's Christian Association in a Christian quarter. In the New York Independent of March 12, a paper edited and published by Mr. Henry C. Bowen, designed to be the representative of gilt-edged religion, there is a picture containing nine nude figures, one, a female, prone on the ground, and eight children; and as a portion of these have wings, I suppose it is designed to have it appear they are angels, so take off the seeming impiety. This picture is designed to advertise some new invention about a piano, but this seems an excuse for all the nudity. We have heard much of chosen literature within a few months, and Brother Bowen has opened the roll of chosen advertising, according to the ethics of Comstock. This is a very grave offense, for the Independent has a large subscription list and a wide circle of readers; besides, it is a family paper, opened with religion to give it a flavor and increase its popularity. In this picture, with its nine nudes, the female most conspicuous, has been distributed broadcast throughout the country, scattering "arrows, firebrands and death" among the unsophisticated. This is too bad, and the Young Men's Christian Association and Comstock should rush to the rescue of public morals and have Brother Bowen in court.

Why not? Is the fact that his paper is a religious organ to screen him? It is no more than a month since this picture has been before the public, but the public remains blind. Comstock is as dumb as an ox, and no United States or State Attorney have filed information and asked for an indictment, nor has any judge issued a writ de certiorari to have the picture of the immorality sent to the Centre-street Jail, the Tombs. The censoring picture is on its travels, and no pious dog wags its tongue to protest or rebuke. And why? The publisher is rich, he is respectable, he is religious, he belongs to the "standing order." So the matter is kept quiet.

A few months ago New Bedford was in a ferment over the seizure of a classical work of art exposed for sale by a tradesman, by the police authorities, who sought to arrest him in fines and penalties for obscenity. But I do not learn that the newspapers have been prosecuted for exposing for sale this twelfth of March Independent; though to be consistent, the authorities should have proceeded against them likewise. But the law always arrests its victims and pays court to an aristocracy, provided it says prayers and sings psalms.

But things will not always be thus. A day of reckoning is coming, is one at hand for all these pharisees, so elaborately varnished and staidly gilded. Religion is in the balance, and already the handwriting on the wall begins to appear: "Now, none" can be read of all men, and the verdict will in due time flash out, "Told, upstarts." Hyphens, the disorganizer and the organizer, is becoming a power, and in its broad philosophy is proving itself to be the harbinger of reform. All crowds, formalities and dogmas are dissolving under its influence, and when the process shall be completed, there will be the evolution of the new order, a religion based on humanity and its possibilities.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

PROVIDENCE, April 5, 1874.

GERALD MARRY—Tonight the talented lecturer and original thinker, Gerald Marney, will deliver his last lecture in this city. Prior engagements prevent his longer stay. The immense audience which he has drawn, will, we hope, induce him to pay us another visit before long. The subject of the lecture to-night will be, "The Coming Religion." A great many of the old ones do not appear to work well, this very wicked world is getting no better fast, and the coming religion will probably be adopted because it is better suited to the age than those which were invented during a different state of society from that which exists at present. There is room for a new religion.—San Francisco Figure.

There was one marriage to every eighty-two of population. In 1872 the proportion was one marriage to one hundred and sixteen of the population.

There is no telling what that intelligent Congress's jury will do next, since it has indicted a Connecticut man for shooting his wife, whom he, upon honor, "mistook for a snake of."

BORAN VON HARTFORD, an Austrian officer and a student of the University of Innsbruck, was recently challenged by several members of an athletic club. He refused to fight, being a good Catholic, and consequently has been dismissed from the Austrian service.

CRINOIDA DAJEENNA.

THE MAN-EATING TREE OF MALACCA.

The following description of this singular tree, found in the island of Malacca, is copied from the New York Herald. It was originally published in the last number of *Grady and Walker's Magazine*, of Cincinnati, together with notes upon it by Dr. Osmundus Fredlowski, to whom the letter of Kurt Leube, the discoverer, from which the following is extracted, was addressed:

The Khondos are a very primitive race, going entirely naked, having only faint vestiges of tribal relations, and no religion beyond that of the awful reverence which they pay to the sacred tree. They dwell entirely in caves hollowed out of the limestone rocks in their hills, and are one of the smallest of races, the men seldom exceeding fifty-six inches in height.

At the bottom of a valley (I had no barometer, but should think it not over 400 feet above the level of the sea), and near its eastern extremity, we came to a deep tarn-like lake, about a mile in diameter, the sluggish city waters of which overflowed into a tortuous reedy canal, that went unwillingly into the recesses of a black forest, jungle below, palm above. A path, diverging from its southern side, struck boldly for the heart of the forbidding and seemingly impenetrable forest. Hendrick led the way along this path, I following closely, and behind me a curious rabble of Khondos, men, women and children.

Suddenly all the natives began to cry "Tepe! Tepe!" and Hendrick, stopping short, said, "Look!" The sluggish, canal-like stream here wound slowly by, and in a bare spot in its bed was the most singular of trees. I have called it Crinoïda, because when its leaves are in action it bears a striking resemblance to that well-known fossil the crinoid. It is now at rest, however, and I will try to describe it to you. If you can imagine a plump, eight feet high and thick in proportion resting upon its base and denuded of leaves, you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of an aspen, but a dark, dingy brown, and apparently hard as iron. From the apex of this truncated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight leaves hung sheer to the ground, like doors swung back on their hinges. These leaves, which were joined to the top of the tree at regular intervals, were about eleven or twelve feet long and shaped very much like the leaves of the American agave or century plant. They were two feet through in their thickest part and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looked like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer (but now under) surface, and on the inner (now upper) surface slightly concave. This concave face was thickly set with very strong thorny hooks, like those upon the head of the tentacle. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fibre.

The apex of the cone was a round, white, cone-shaped figure, like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower but a receptacle, and there existed into it a clear, treacly liquid, honey-sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and soporific properties. From underneath the rim (as to speak) of the undermost plate a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched out in every direction toward the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long each, and tapered from four inches to a half inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these (from between the upper and under cup) six white, almost transparent, palpi trailed themselves toward the sky, twisting and twisting with a marvellous incessant motion, yet constantly reaching upward. This as tends and froil as quills apparently, they were yet five or six feet tall, and were so constantly and vigorously in motion, with such a subtle, almost, silent throbbing against the air, that they made me shudder in spite of myself with their suggestion of serpents flayed yet dancing on their tails.

The description I am giving you now is partly made up from a subsequent careful inspection of the plant. My observations on this occasion were suddenly interrupted by the natives, who had been shrieking around the tree in their shrill voices, and chanting what Hendrick told me were propitiatory hymns to the great tree deity.

With still wilder shrieks and chants they now surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins with steady, and with despairing face, she climbed up the rough stalk of the tree and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi twisting all about her. "Talk! talk!" ("drink! drink!") cried the men, and, stooping, she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, raising instantly again with wild frenzy in her face and convulsive shivers in her limbs. But she did not jump down, as she seemed to intend to do. O, no! The atrocious convulsed tree that had been so inert and dead, came to sudden, savage life. The slender, delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered a moment over her head, then, as if beset with demonic intelligences, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms, then, while her awful screams and put upon awful laughter rose wilder, to be instantly strangled down again into a grappling motion, the tendrils, one after another, like great green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity rose, retracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightening, with the cruel avidity and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Lascos without its beauty—this strange, horrible murder. And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly,

The following characteristic letter of the New York champion of the rights of the brute creation appeared in the Herald of the 2d inst. The confusion it contains—viz., "that there are almost countless little human beings in the great city that are habitually treated with as much cruelty as the inferior animals"—is only with the hand and out of the vision of the victim. At sight of this the savage hordes around us, yelling madly, bounded forward, crowded to the tree, clasped it, and with cups, leaves, hands and tongues, got each one enough of the liquor to send him mad

and frantic. Then came a grotesque and indescribably hideous orgy, from which, even while its convulsive madness was passing rapidly into a fit and insensibility, Hendrick dragged me hurriedly away into the recesses of the forest, bidding me from the dangerous brutes and the brutes from me. May I never see such a sight again!

In the course of my stay of twenty-one days in the valley, I saw six other specimens of the Crinoïda Dajeenna, but none so large as this which the Khondos worshiped. I discovered that they are unquestionably carnivorous, in the same sense that lions and tigers are insectivorous. The retracted leaves of the great tree kept their upright position during ten days, then when I came one morning they were prone again, the tendrils stretched, the palpi flailing, and nothing but a white skull at the foot of the tree to remind me of the sacrifice that had taken place there. I climbed into a neighboring tree and saw that all trace of the victim had disappeared, and the cup was again supplied with the viscid fluid.

The indescribable rapidity and energy of its movements may be inferred from the fact that I saw a smaller one seize, capture and destroy an active little lizard which, dropping by accident upon it while watching and grinning at me, in vain endeavored to escape from the fatal toils.

With Hendrick's assistance and the consent of some of the head men of the Khondos (who, however, did not dare stay to witness the act of sacrifice), I cut down one of the minor trees and dissected it carefully. Bold, however, in waiting for me, and I must defer to my next the details of this most interesting examination.

K. M. LEUBE.

MAY'S ADDRESS TO THE GOTHAMITES.

BY A. V. MCKE.

Come away to the country! away! away!

My carpet is spread on the sea;

The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume—

All Nature rejoices in me.

The birds in the woods are telling the hours

Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers

To scatter on dew of the day.

Come, sweetest! your carriage is well-laid;

Nay, oh, not, 'tis as time is given;

Health is better to hold than your silver and gold,

And a legacy richer to leave.

Your lady's pale cheek I shall bloom in a week;

Not a baloon so rare as the halo-haloing air

That floats on the wings of May.

Come away! leave your balls and your parties,

Your concerts and operas all;

Hear the brooks roll along, chanting songs into song—

"The Nature's own music, and!"

No dancer can trip like the bright ripples skip;

Oh! taste them, but dash the red cup from your lip

If you'd relish the music of May.

Come, love! I will send you, the wood

Has furnished his choicest on rabbits;

He sends the blue chain of his right to all game

"Cap & Gun, Runners, and!"

Or perhaps you'll desire the taste of the chase—

Such a rule to show none why his toothless should chase

Over the arched, in footpaths, May.

Come away! leave your balling and balling;

And, sweetest, about you your share;

You have a fair wife—why a long lease of life—

And what can a prize with for more?

If you'll take a drive from that overgrown knee

You shall mark how the bees in their horn between them

For they do their spring treading in May.

Come, doctor! I've cured half your patients,

Your practice must speedily fall;

Then take your pills and drive like a billiard

With twenty good rounds at his tail.

Leave word for the sick to come out pretty quick;

For you know your doctor is soon bound to be quick

If he sends but the sweet breath of May.

Come away from your college, pale student,

And learn more lessons more true;

Leave Homer, and look into Nature's bright book—

I'll open its pages for you.

Your Virgil's a cube, but his verse you may take;

It was trying with me that he sent half you see

From the bowers of Blooming May.

Come, genius! your verses are mostly;

Your sleep do break perfume now;

There have been through the full open Sherlock and Bell,

And from was, in water, their head.

If you'll wait me at night when the moon's shining bright

You shall hear the old bones building faith in the breeze,

And sleepers study in May.

Come away to the country! away! away!

My carpet is spread on the sea;

The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume—

All Nature rejoices in me.

The birds in the woods are telling the hours

Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers

To scatter on dew of the day.

—Bayer's Weekly.

A WIFE IN PURSUIT OF ALIMONY.

In the dictionary of the true lover the word *alimony* has no place. When the husband and wife continue or dissolve their union at pleasure, there can be no place for a law compelling the one to maintain the other. In Massachusetts, where no divorce is allowed except for crime or some offense blinding thereto, it is proposed to pass a law authorizing the courts to grant alimony to wives whose husbands will not support them and who do not want a divorce. It is also proposed to make ample provision for alimony for wives who have divorce suits pending during the time occupied in getting a trial.

Mrs. Florence Ada Merrill, formerly of New York, but now of Boston, is one of the petitioners for these alimony reforms. "Imagine," says our enthusiastic correspondent, who heard her plea before the Judicial Committee, "imag-

ine a charming young lady of twenty-three, of medium height, raven hair, blonde complexion, soft, blue eyes of the heavenly shade, attired in a rich black silk dress, a profusely trimmed black velvet pullover, French points, lace and black velvet hat, mounted with a luxurious outside plume, which, with her golden curls, floated lightly in the breeze; and then, when you have added the jeweled fingers and beaded wrists, you may hope to be able to turn an imperfect picture, in your mind's eye, of Mrs. Florence Ada Merrill, wife of Joseph Palmer Merrill, as she rose to present her case, and was introduced by Judge Charles Cowley, her counsel."

She spoke as follows: "While on a visit to New York in 1867, when I was but sixteen years old, Mr. Merrill managed to get himself introduced to me. He immediately opened a correspondence with me, and I, after receiving several letters, was foolish enough to reply. He really had some reason to boast of his conquest, using Caesar's famous words: 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' Our acquaintance soon ripened into affection, and on December 27th, 1870, we were married in New York. Neither my parents nor his parents knew of our marriage at the time, though they were informed of it a day or two afterwards. My father had always provided well for me till then, but this one act of girlish folly led him to utterly disown me. My husband's father also opposed the match, and through his management efforts were soon made for a divorce. Cross libels were filed and heavy expenses incurred on both sides. This unhappy litigation lasted eighteen months, during which my husband contributed almost nothing toward my support, leaving me to the kindness of my aunt for the means of subsistence. My wardrobe, replenished shortly before my marriage by an outlay of two thousand dollars, which I received from my father, was sacrificed, for I was compelled to dispose of it to raise money for my necessities.

"After all this I finally forgave my husband all the wrongs he had done me; the divorce proceedings were dropped, and for the next eighteen months we lived together—sometimes as happily as any couple could be—though most of the time I was the most wretched woman alive. My husband was cruelly unfaithful, continually associating with bad women, and frequently subjecting me to the most shameful abuse. A broken hand, a broken wrist and a broken heart are some of the marks I now bear of my husband's wickedness.

"Four times I have been deserted and left without a dollar in money, and on three occasions every article of furniture was removed and sold by the man who had solemnly vowed to love, cherish and protect me. Again and again I have forgiven him all this upon his promise to reform in the future; again and again he has repeated his infidelities and brutalities; until, in January last, I concluded to put up no longer with his ill-treatment. Upon the advice of my counsel I applied for a divorce; and knowing that many months might elapse before a decree could be obtained, I applied for alimony pending the suit.

"I would here say that divorce is a thing altogether against these views of marriage in which I have been brought up. I am a churchwoman, having been baptized when a young girl in St. Paul's church, Newburyport. I have been taught to regard the marriage vow as one of a sacramental nature, and as binding on both parties until death. Were I divorced from Mr. Merrill I could not, with my principles, enter into any new marriage during my husband's life; nor would I for a moment entertain the thought of divorce, if the law provided any other method whereby my husband could be compelled to perform the duty which he voluntarily assumed, of providing for my support, independent of a divorce. Here, I think, is a serious defect in the law as it now stands. Why not provide that married women, deserted by their husbands, may have a separate maintenance without resorting to the divorce court? Such a law would do much to preserve the sanctity and perpetuity of marriage.

"But I wish to speak of my application for alimony pending my suit. Upon that being heard before Judge Norton, gross counter-charges, utterly false and unfounded, were made by my husband's attorneys, merely for the purpose of evading him from the obligation of supporting me during the suit; and my application was denied, because, upon a mere preliminary hearing, without my having the time or the money to provide myself with proofs, the Judge said he could not see that I was clearly in the right and my husband clearly in the wrong. Pray how could I be expected to show that I am clearly in the right and my husband clearly in the wrong, until I have opportunity to obtain the depositions of the witnesses at a distance who know the facts, and the attendance of those who live near to the place of trial, together with means upon which to subsist till the trial takes place.

Mr. Merrill has often boasted that he wished against me; and after protesting delay he sometimes began to defend my libel, and pressure a divorce himself. But I do not believe it. What I ask is, that a law be passed whereby the wife may, in all cases when she is not clearly in the wrong, obtain from her husband alimony sufficient for her decent subsistence during the pendency of her suit, and money adequate to defray the necessary expenses of counsel and witnesses. I do not ask this for myself alone, but for all similarly circumstanced.

MORE "LAST WORDS" OF MR. BAXTER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY.

You do not know what a saint, friend, well, I will tell you. Mr. Baxter was a gentleman who collected lives in Great Britain in the early part of this century. He was a wise man, for he did not collect them for his king, but for himself. He was a moral philosopher, economist, for he took care that all he collected went into his treasury. However, his brother King cornered him at last, and he was tried and condemned to be what Highlanders call "justified" at Tyburn. Like Prince Talleyrand (who was a better diplomat, but not so good a political economist), he left a confession, not to be published until after his execution. Of course, he had led a very stirring and romantic life. "The Last Dying Speech and Confession of Mr. Baxter" had an unpop-

pedated sale—so much so that another edition was published next day. "More Last Words of Mr. Baxter."

Now for the application; but it don't come in here, it comes in at the end. At present I have to go to Boston, and, friend, if ever you go there you'd better call every well-dressed man you have occasion to speak to—"Your Excellency," or "Your Honor," for in case he should be the Governor or Lieut.-Governor of the State, you'll be acting illegally if you don't, and upsetting the Constitution of Massachusetts. (This is fact, Mr. Attorney-General, and it is your duty to prove that it does not invalidate the U. S. Constitution, sec. 2, cl. 5, and also to prove such addenda consistent with a republican form of government.) However, I didn't go to Boston to call upon the Governor, but to see my old friend, John Hollingshead, who worked in a factory there. I found him at last, or rather the place. However, I made bold to enter the place, when the janitor asked me what I wanted. I told him I had come from New York to see John Hollingshead; that I had to go back by the next train, and wanted to speak to him immediately. The janitor replied that it was contrary to rule, but he would call him; so he stepped to the pipe, gave the signal, and said, "Number Ten's wanted." Presently John came down, and after shaking hands we went outside, to be more at ease. "Hillo!" said I, "John, you've changed your name." "Devil a bit!" was the reply; "a man can't change his name without an act of the Legislature." "Oh, yes, he can, John." "How?" "Why by an act of the factory; you're Number Ten here, are you not?" "Oh, yes; we're all numbered here, for convenience." "But you were christened John, were you not?" "Yes." "Well, how about your godfathers and godmothers, and all that?" "Oh, bother your godfathers and godmothers," replied he; "they care nothing about them at the factory." "But the parson; why don't you complain to the parson? You wasn't christened Number Ten." "Oh, the parson he hanged! He'd christen the factory if he boss ordered him to; besides," said John, "I don't know that it's without its use, after all; we shall all be numbered by and by, and I thought the other day, when I was reading of the execution of that chap that killed his mother, how much better it would be for his relations if he'd been reported thus: 'Number 65,432 was executed at Boston this morning for killing his mother.'" "Ah, true," replied we; "and supposing his mother was called 65,433, it would not be so great a crime after all, only rubbing out a few figures."

This lettering and numbering of mankind, and the present use of the words—hands, operatives, etc., are all modern innovations. The labor of man has long been deprecated; these belittle the man himself. In old times slaves were colored and marked with their names and the names of their owners, but they were not numbered—that is still more degrading, because it more effectually destroys identity. It is also a grave insult to the churches, but the churches are bound hand and foot, and dare not stand forward in defense of their sacrament of baptism. Worse than this, as these derogatory terms are used at one end of the line, titles are creeping in at the other. The word master, which was supposed to be killed and buried by the last war, has risen again in New York, and it seems, as in the case of Mr. Baxter, above alluded to, we are to have "More Last Words of Mr. Master." It is not true, as the song says, that

He took his hat and he left very sudden,
And I think he ran away.

Oh, no, or if he did, as the bricklayers can testify, he ran away North. Wherefore also do the boss men get their title? Will he stick there?—that's the question. I know not, but I do know, and this nation knows, that it takes a sight of trouble and expense to kick him out. I don't like him, that's a fact; but if he takes up his abode where I work, as I am an old man, I suppose I shall be compelled to compromise the matter, and when I come across the obnoxious word, I shall call it—"BAXTER."

"NO ADMITTANCE FOR RICH MEN!"

BY W. F. JAMESON.

Such was the teaching of the Christian founder, with reference to heaven; while, on the other hand, he taught what would justify his inscription over the heavenly gate: "Beggars' Safe Retreat!" He gave the poor the Kingdom of God, merely because they were poor, and pronounced woe upon the rich, simply because they were rich. "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God." "But was man who that are rich! for you have received your consolation." Even in His parables He expressed the same thought, assigned Lazarus a snug place in Abraham's bosom, and gave the rich man hell, where the climate seemed to be very warm and dry. Why was that beggar entitled to a reserved seat in heaven? Jesus' teaching shows that it was for no other reason than he had been a beggar! This is the reason, according to the New Testament. The same book shows that the only reason why the rich man was sent to hell, was because he had been rich. He was reminded that in his lifetime he received his "good things," and Lazarus evil things; and the old ghost of Abraham, with a perspicacious tinge of exaltation, exclaimed, "But now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." From this teaching we are to understand that people who are rich on earth will go to hell and be damned. The account does not show that the rich man went to hell because he was wicked, but solely because he received "good things." It is shown that he was a good, kind, benevolent, rich man. The beggar who lay at his gate, full of sores, doubtless got the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, and with which he desired to be fed. This is a fair inference from the excellent disposition which the rich man manifested after he had gone to hell. He was superior to the Christian maxim, "Misery loves company," and importuned Abraham to send a delegate from heaven to his father's house, and warn the inmates to keep out of the scrape he had got into; to testify to his five brethren, "lest they also come into this place of torment."

Then listen to the frolic reply of that heartless hypocrite, Abraham: "They have Moses and the prophets; let them

hear them." As if they ever warned anybody against riches! They, as a class, taught an opposite doctrine. They believed that riches were bestowed as favors from heaven. But Jesus Christ despised wealth, which proves him to have been no philosopher. It is not questioned that wealth, like any other blessing, may be perverted to evil purposes, but poverty, the system which he recommended, is an unsullied entry to the race. The teaching of Dr. Samuel Johnson on this subject is much better: "Reserve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is an enemy to human happiness. It often destroys liberty, makes some virtues difficult and some impracticable."

Robert Bunker and Henry Ward Beecher profess Jesus and practice Johnson. That camel, of which Bunker gave an illustration in his *Lidger*, on its knees getting through the "needle's eye," after it had been divested of its load of wealth, would have been a source of greater comfort to rich Christians if the text had said "loaded camel." If this sentence from the "Nazarene," "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God," does not shut out rich men from the place where Lazarus was, language cannot be trusted at all. The rich men in the life to come will have the satisfaction of thinking they received their good things on earth—all the consolation to which they were entitled!

When the Jewish mendicant said "needle" and "camel," he evidently meant what he said; it is not strange that the disciples were, as the book says, "exceedingly amazed," and at once anxiously inquired, "who then can be saved?" No rich men assuredly, if Jesus Christ meant by the "eye of a needle" the gateway of a city wall, as Bunker and many preachers say. Jesus Christ had reference to a needle's eye, such as they used in those days to sew with, and to a camel—hump and all. The subsequent phrase, "with God all things are possible," is no solution of the matter; the same book says it is not possible for him in life. "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." I do not believe it; it is impossible for men to make hills near together without a hollow between them. Is it possible for a god to do it?

The clergy have been for ages in direct opposition to their Master's teaching, trying to get rich men into heaven by first pulling them into their churches and amassing them with stories about the "Little Joker"—allegorical renderings.

Jesus Christ taught that no treasures should be possessed upon earth; He said, "Whoever he be of you that forsaketh all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Christians as a rule, practically, do not believe in the injunction to remain poor; in that matter they follow common-sense and not Christ. That very rich ruler who was advised to "sell all thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," concluded not to invest in heavenly estate. It was quoted below par then and has deprecated still more since. The young Jewish gentleman seemed to prefer present wealth to prospective bliss. Christians have been "fighting it out on that line" for ages. Their efforts to become wealthy, or at least, to carefully avoid being poor, shew as loudly as actions can speak, that they think the young Jew who did not sell his possessions, chose the good part.

DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray don't laugh at me,
But when you go on late,
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To never slam the gate.

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does leaning Kate,
To tell us next day what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas twenty years last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things—
O, do not slam the gate!)

For all the neighbors hearing it,
Will say our future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate!

For, though it is all very true,
I wish that they would wait
To discuss our affairs until—
Well—pray don't slam that gate!

At least, not now. But, by and by,
When to "our home" I will
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate!

For, whether you go out or in,
At early hours or late,
The whole world will not listen as thou
Alone, that horrid gate!

—Byron, *Lester, Iowa*.

COMMENTS OF THE WESTERN PRESS.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

To say what one thinks of Mrs. Woodhull is no light task and to criticize her lecture at McCourt's Hall on Tuesday evening is a most laborious undertaking. There is so much that is true, so much of eloquence, so much of humanity, so much of sound teachings and so much to admire, that to criticize would be to specify, and to specify would be to pick apart almost beyond a limit. To say that there is about her that sentences of a great teacher, and that evidence of pure conviction which merits respect, is to but do her justice; to say that her theme is sometimes wild and her ideas too Utopian for this world, is to do to ourselves justice. Not that truth in any light or language should be suppressed for the sake of the false delivery of the uneducated world but her ideas of marriage and marital relations are scarcely acceptable even in the most unprejudiced light. She strikes upon the theory that human nature can regulate itself—a thing which the experience of the past ages and the very necessity of any law whatever clearly disproves.

Her ideas of the course mothers should pursue in the rearing of their children are eminently sound, and for this instruction alone it was worth the while of every lady's attention. That she talked plainly is perhaps an determining circumstance, for the world has got to that pitch that it needs some plain language.

We think that for ability, intelligence and eloquence, she earned the acknowledgment of the entire audience. For the most she did and the truths she spoke she deserves credit. —*Northeastern, Oakbrook, Wis., April 20.*

FOOD MEDICINE.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed and cooled by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food can be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cites cases of spitting of the blood by the use of salt; epilepsy by watercresses; kidney affections by celery; poison, silver or sweet oil; erysipelas, pained craniations applied to the part affected; hydrophobia, onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat—not to know what medicine to take.—*Exchange.*

CLIPPINGS.

Two philosophers of India once possessed a book so large that it required a thousand camels to carry it. A king desired to have it abridged, and certain scholars reduced it so that it could be carried by a hundred camels. Other kings came who demanded that it should be diminished still more; until at length the volume was reduced to four maxims. The first of these maxims bade kings to be just; the second prescribed obedience to the people; the third recommended mankind not to eat except when they were hungry; the fourth advised women to be modest.—*Shaker and Shakers.*

COMMENT.

The WEEKLY suggests that the scholars used their scissors too freely in the above instance; the last sentence would look better if it contained the words "and men also."

CLINTON—LOVE AND DURINGER.—A recent wedding has somewhat of interest behind it, hanging as it did, upon a game—or more exactly two games—of dominoes. The parties were racing; whether they loved for good and all they really couldn't decide; but a bantering wager and a game of dominoes settled it. If she won, it meant the marriage bell and its accompaniments, while victory upon his banners was at once to extinguish the hymeneal torch. Of course she carried her point, but another game was in the programme by which the marriage expenses were to be paid. Again the dominoes were brought into requisition, this time, by the future bridegroom's brother and the expectant bride's mother, the result being that the bill was to be canceled by the brother, and now the wedding is over, and the bills are all paid—thanks to the dominoes.

SIXTY days ago, at Vineland, N. J., Delaware Bay, twenty-five miles away, was plainly mirrored in the sky, and sailing vessels and steamships were distinctly traced as they glided along. Even the pulsations of the waves were visible, the exhibition continuing for about three-quarters of an hour, until the sun disappeared below the horizon.

THE dead Elder Knapp believed firmly in a personal devil, who walked the earth in the form of a Universalist minister or an editor.

"I say, boy, stop that ox."
"I haven't got no stopper, sir."
"Well, haul him, then."
"He's already hauled, sir."
"Confound your impudence, turn him."
"He's right side out, already, sir."
"Speak to him, you rascal."
"Good morning, Mr. Ox."

THE London Herald gives the following as one of the efforts of the late royal marriage: "Booksticker! Will you have these volumes bound in Russia or Morocco, sir?" Retired Coal Dealer: "Well, if I can't have them bound in London, send 'em to Russia. We must encourage the East now, you know."

THE Postmaster-General's dignity must have suffered the other day, when he received a letter from D-dia, Iowa, saying: "If you don't get some men to run this 'ere post office party soon it'll be thrown in the river, for I'm going off on a bear hunt and can't find any more."

A New York politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a deceased member of the Legislature, says: "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

A SEVERE MINUTE.—An honest country parson, who had no belief in the bigotry of special providence, who, in the time of great drought, was inclined to pray for rain, answered: "I'll willingly do it to oblige you, but it is to no purpose while the wind is in this quarter."

STATISTICS of marriages in Ohio, since 1868, show a remarkable decline in matrimony. According to the published figures of each year, since 1866, it is shown that in that year there was one marriage to every thirty-two of population; in 1873 the proportion was one marriage to one hundred and sixtieth of the population.

THERE is no telling what that intelligent Customer's jury will do next, since it has indicted a Connecticut man for shooting his wife, whom he, upon honest, "mistook for a stray cat."

THERE is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally wrong are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

"A *WOMAN* contemporary says it is becoming monotonous to see dissipated women in the private houses at our theatres." Just so. It would be quite refreshing to see some respectable man there for a change, wouldn't it? The trouble is that there are no "respectable men." Certainly neither the Post nor the "morning contemporary," would think of calling a man who has money enough to pay for a box at a theatre "respectable."—*Figure*.

"Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?" "The child of wedlock, undoubtedly."—*New Northwest, Or.*

The WEEKLY holds that love is the normal state of woman and man, and that the want of it shows disease; but it agrees with the *New Northwest* that the vain effort to chain it is wedlock operates to annihilate it.

A MAN at Bridgeport, Conn., has named his two canaries "Whisper" and "Wilson," because neither of them is a "singer." The only historical parallel for this case is offered by the old farmer who called his rooster Robinson, because Robinson Crusoe.

OLIVE LOGAN says that there is such a contrast between America and France that she never wants to see America again. America can stand it if France can.

THE CHURCH CALLING THE STATE A LAR.—Communitarianism is like that gigantic wickedness of our government to-day, printing lies by the hundreds and by the hundreds of thousands tending to depress and destroy our industry, and rotting out the foundations of our future prosperity.—*Becker's Lecture at Shrewsbury Hall.*

During the war such language would have placed a copypaper in Fort Lyngby. Beecher enlarged Grant at the New England dinner, now he calls his government a liar! The Marbooth witches were round the pot. Bull and bubble; penis; plague; repudiation; lust; ruin; murder; death. Brethren, love one another.—*The Crusader.*

THERE is nothing like having a gospel. An Episcopalian journal has published an article on "The Etiquette of the Lord's Table."

MEMPHIS husbands joke grimly of inaugurating a crusade against dry-goods dealers. They say if it's temperance the women want, why they shall have it in full measure.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

THE GREAT SEDITION.

A Full and Reliable History of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal, including Comprehensive and Interesting Biographical Sketches of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Tilton, Victoria C. Woodhull, Fannie C. Claplin and Colonel Wood; giving Facts and Incidents in the Lives of each never before published. By Leon Oliver. The Book is illustrated with Portraits of all the Characters.

The previous account occupied by the parties involved in this greatest scandal of the nineteenth century, has given to us an almost world-wide notoriety, and the partial and fragmentary reports of it which have been published have doubtless done injustice in some, if not all the parties involved in it, and have only served to whet the appetite of the reading public with a desire to have the whole story truthfully and impartially told. This the author has done, and in such a manner as not to shock or be offensive to the most fastidious reader, nor to do injustice to any of the dramatic persons. We wish it to be distinctly understood that this work is not compiled from unreliable sources, nor has it been hastily gotten up, but it is written by one who has for years been personally acquainted with the interested parties, who has been "behind the scenes" and knows whereof he writes, and who has had better facilities for the work undertaken than any man living, and he is also one well and popularly known to the public by his writings over a now de plane. In this work he gives facts, and lets light in where hitherto there has been darkness and confusion. The whole story is not only graphically but truthfully told, and the book is one of the most interesting ever offered to the American public.

The sketch of Henry Ward Beecher has been submitted to several of the ablest journalists and authors in the West, and is unanimously declared by them to be the best and most interesting ever written of this foremost dignitary of the age. He has been the subject for several biographical writers, but the author in this portrays him in an entirely new, more and unshaken style.

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Also what Mr. Beecher has to say about the scandal, and the opinions of Theodore Tilton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Susan E. Anthony and other noted characters respecting it, and the comments of many of the leading men and journals of the country upon this engrossing topic.

The biographical sketches are concise, yet comprehensive; written in a free, clear and easy style, and are enriched by characteristic and entertaining incidents and anecdotes never before published, and are of themselves worth more than the price of the entire work.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS. 120, pp. 205. THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; OR, WHY DO WE DIE? 8vo, pp. 14. AN ORATION delivered before the above-named CONVENTION, at QUINN'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, by VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, September 18, 1873.

The above "Report of the Proceedings of the Third Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists," is an accurate and impartial account of what was said and done at the above convention. The speeches are presented to the public word for word as they came to us from the hands of the able reporter employed by the convention. The orations of the members, on both sides, discussing the question of "Free Love," or rather "Personal Sovereignty," are worthy of the serious attention not only of all spiritualists but of the community at large.

In proof that we have not overrated the merits of the work, we respectfully submit the generous testimony of Judge Edmund K. Hildreth, who so ably defended the position of the conservative spiritualists at the above convention:

"I have seen the report you have published of the doings and sayings of the Chicago Convention, and I take pleasure in saying that, in the publication of such a report, so full, so accurate and impartial as it is, you have done a work worthy of high commendation. Some could not be at this convention, either for want of time or means; but now, each of them may choose to read, can almost imagine that they were there; and though they may not attain whatever there may be in personal presence, in the eye, and the ear, and in soul-communication, yet whatever of principle has been evolved they may well discover and understand; and also, as I hope, they may profit thereby."

Price of the "Proceedings" and the "Elixir of Life" 50 cents; or the "Elixir of Life" alone 25 cents. Orders for the same addressed to Woodhull & Claplin, P. O. Box 578, will be promptly filled.

The First Primary Council of Boston, of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, meets every Thursday evening, at Harmony Hall, 15½ Bay State street. Seats free.

JOHN HARVEY, Cor. Sec'y.

THE WORD.

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WARREN CHASE.

Will lecture in Chester, Ill., Sunday, May 31; in Cairo, Ill., May 31; in Concord, Ill., May 31, and will return to Des Moines, Iowa, the 1st of June. He will receive subscriptions for the WEEKLY and for our pamphlets.

MRS. WILLIAM L. DAVIS, in answer to calls received from the Pacific coast will go West next autumn. Friends along the route, desiring one or more lectures, can secure her services by addressing her at 25 Washington street, Salem, Mass.

EDD Good Austin Kent, one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been stricken years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are kindly well pointed on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Box 44.

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The New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold their Second Quarterly Convention for 1874 in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., on Saturday and Sunday, May 24 and 25, commencing at 10 A. M. Three sessions each day.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.—Temperance, Infidelity and Law or Government; yet the platform will be as usual for the discussion of all subjects. Free accommodations as far as possible.
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Newark, N. J.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the American Labor Reform League will be held in Madison Hall, Thirtieth street, New York city, Sunday and Monday, May 19 and 20, day and evening, commencing at 10:30 A. M. Sunday. Chas. E. Foulke, R. F. Andrews, John G. Davis, J. E. Linnell, Mrs. H. E. B. Althorn, Edward Palmer, L. K. Jellie, R. W. Howe, Wm. Hazen, A. H. Heywood and other speakers are expected.

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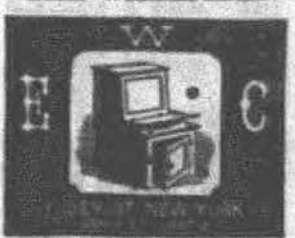
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